



THE SKETCH



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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19, 1922.

ONE SHILLING.



ANOTHER ROYAL ENGAGEMENT: LIEUT. LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN AND MISS EDWINA ASHLEY.

For once it would seem that Rumour has not played the "lying jade," and it was reported definitely the other day that Lieutenant Lord Louis Mountbatten, M.V.O., R.N., son of the late Admiral of the Fleet the Marquess of Milford Haven (Prince Louis of Battenberg), was engaged to be married to Miss Edwina Ashley,

elder daughter of Colonel W. W. Ashley, M.P., and grandchild of the late Sir Ernest Cassel. Lord Louis, who was born on June 25, 1900, is with the Prince of Wales. Miss Ashley has been on a visit to India. She is one of the wealthiest heiresses in the country. She was born in November 1901.



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

A Word for the Man.

As I write, the hero of the moment is Mr. Justice McCardie. It is extraordinary how swiftly and unexpectedly people leap into the public eye. I doubt whether it can be done by taking thought. You can generally detect effort in the laboured bid for notoriety. The thing must be spontaneous. And it must not happen too often.

I am quite sure Mr. Justice McCardie never expected a leader in every paper of importance in the kingdom when he delivered his little homily on the subject of feminine extravagance and the financial responsibility of the husband. He thought the time had come to make the law on this point quite clear, and he made it clear—startlingly clear.

I must confess that I read the judgment with astonishment. I had always imagined that a wife could pledge her husband's credit to any extent that tradespeople would allow, and that the husband was bound to pay up—if he could. The majority of wives, one knew, never took advantage of such a situation, but they might as they wished.

Mr. Justice McCardie has exploded this theory. It went off with a bang that reverberated through the kingdom, possibly the Empire. That explosion must have brought joy to the heart of many a husband whose wife was a trifle prone to the lure of shop-windows.

The New Lady.

But the learned Judge did not stop at that. He proceeded to deliver another little homily on economy and extravagance.

"Extravagance," said he, "is not the mark of a gentlewoman. Profusion is not a necessity to honourable rank. Simplicity is an essential feature to useful and beneficent female citizenship. . . . Extravagance is not to be commended in times when the stress of life is ever growing, when the social structure is being tested, and when a standard of simple and laborious life is cogently needed for the national welfare."

It may be argued that no gentlewoman needed to be told that by Mr. Justice McCardie or any other Judge. She knew it, instinctively, for herself. But that is not the point. The learned Judge was not delivering his homily for the benefit of those who knew, but for those who did not know. To-day is the day of the New Lady, and the New Lady is not quite up to all the rules of the game. She is quite willing to learn, no doubt, but from whom is she to learn? Not from

observation of other New Ladies, and one of the marks of the real gentlewoman is that she in so little in evidence. If you are looking for splendour and ostentation you would never see her. If you are listening for loud tones and self-assertiveness you will listen in vain.

The New Lady should be grateful to Mr. Justice McCardie.

Limitation of Feminine Armaments.

Oh, yes; it is not the man alone who should be grateful to the learned Judge. Even the New Lady, with her bulging purse, should be thankful for those few wise words. Feminine dress is largely a matter of competition, just as international armaments are a matter of competition.

Fun in Simplicity.

Some years ago, I remember, there was a vogue for what was called the Simple Life. It was the thing, for a short time, to live very simply, even ridiculously simply. People, of course, overdid it. Nice creatures who had never boiled a potato in their lives began to cook. Cottages in the country were at a fearful premium. The present house shortage is as nothing compared with the shortage of country cottages when the craze for the Simple Life seized on the imagination of the nation. The comic papers never had such a time.

No labourer was safe in his hovel. The offer of much gold drew him and his family from their lean-to shed and drove them into hotels.

It was not a bad craze. There was a lot of fun in it. The Simple Life has much to recommend it—in fine weather. The first breath of winter kills it.

However, there are indications of spring to-day, and it may be that the words of Mr. Justice McCardie will revive the Simple Life. I advise cottagers to be on their guard. Let them fasten their doors at night and guard them well by day. I can see the New Lady stepping from her car in a ragged skirt, a torn blouse, shoes without heels, and

a bulging, ill-tied brown-paper parcel in her hand. The only relic of the luxurious past will be a powder-puff.

Purely Personal.

I have reserved this little corner for a purely personal paragraph. For reasons into which I need not enter, being merely sentimental, I would like to obtain the bound volumes of this journal from August 1899 to the end of 1904. It is possible that some of my readers have preserved them, and would be willing to part with them on terms to be arranged. I should prefer them clean and untorn. A letter addressed to me at the office of *The Sketch* will be duly forwarded.

And thus, for the time being, I bow low and take my leave.



THE BERKS AND BUCKS STAGHOUNDS POINT-TO-POINT RACES AT HAWTHORN HILL :
A CUP OF TEA AFTER THE RACES.

The names in our Hawthorn Hill snapshot, taken after the Berks and Bucks Staghoules Point-to-Point Races, are, from left to right: Major Scott, Cecil Knight, Billy Burnyeat, Mrs. Knight, Miss Hoodall, Miss Scott, Colonel Skinner, Mr. J. M. S. Pasley, Mr. M. A. Gibbons, and Mr. W. H. Kindersley.

Photograph by S. and G.

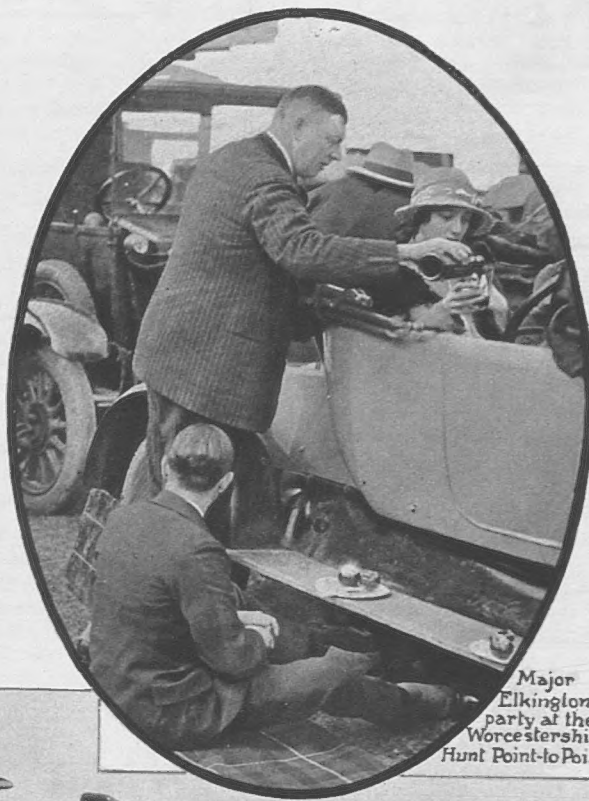
The Washington Conference has given a lead in this direction. We have agreed upon a naval holiday. We are all tired of the endless competition. Besides, we cannot afford it. We cannot keep it up. There is a limit to everything, even international folly, and we are most of us agreed that the limit has been reached.

The New Ladies should have a conference. Or, since that is probably impossible, for they would never be bound by their representatives, they should have a tacit understanding. There should be a long holiday from profusion and extravagance. I will not presume to hint at any standard. I am told that simple things are the most expensive. Well, let them have simple things if they can afford them. What the men need, as much as anything, is a holiday for the eye. And the nose. I think the more pungent of the perfumes might go. And our nerves would

The Point-To-Point Season.



The Bucks and Berks Staghounds Point-to-Point:
Mr. Fryer; Lady Desborough;
The Hon. Monica Grenfell
and Miss Ford.



Major
Elkington's
party at the
Worcestershire
Hunt Point-to-Point.



Major E. Shackle
Master of the
Bucks and Berks
and Madame Laurka



Col. Rodzanko; Mrs. Inives; Mrs. Francis & the Hon. Barbara Frankland.
(1 to r)



Sir Alfred Slade Bt.
and his fiancée
Miss Freda Meates
at Hawthorn Hill.



The Hertfordshire Hunt Point-to-Point chases.
The Hon. George Egerton; Mr. Giles Sebright; Miss Raymond Curzon & Lady Sebright.
(1 to r)

A TRIO: BUCKS AND BERKS; WORCESTERSHIRE; AND HERTFORDSHIRE HUNT RACES.

This page of snapshots shows Society at the Bucks and Berks Staghounds Point-to-Point Races at Hawthorn Hill; the Worcestershire Hunt Point-to-Point, held in a fine stretch of typical hunting country at Hornton; and the Hertfordshire Hunt Point-to-Point. Lady Desborough is the wife of Lord Desborough, and the Hon. Monica Grenfell is her elder daughter. The Hon. Barbara Frankland is the only daughter of

Baroness Zouche, and the Hon. George Egerton is the brother of the Earl of Wilton. Mme. Laurka is the American ball-room dancer, professionally known as Mme. Laurka Kurylo. Sir Alfred Slade is the fifth Baronet. His engagement to Miss Freda Meates, daughter of the late Mr. Sidney Meates, and of Mrs. Meates, Whitehall, Maidenhead, has been announced.—[Photographs by C.N., S. and G., and Farrington Photo Co.]

The Jottings of Jane; Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."

Overheard at Hawthorn Hill.

I overheard someone at Hawthorn Hill discussing "Irrepressible Jane." . . .

It was rather fun listening. . . . They were both so certain they knew who "Jane" was. . . . And they hadn't a notion she was there in their midst. One said: "Oh, it is so dull! She will only say nice things about people. Everyone is either beautiful or a Duchess or extraordinarily clever and wondrously rich. Anyhow, a superlatively conspicuous personage!"

"Jane" would enjoy letting herself go occasionally, saying really catty things about real people—especially as Lent is over, and Holy Week—but there are so many delightful people still left on earth. It is easy to say nothing at all about the others. By freezing them politely out of these pages she fulfils the decree of the highest literary art—the art of restraint.

Princess Mary at Home.

I happened to be walking near Victoria when Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles arrived, and, although there was no official reception, it was certainly as royal as the King's only daughter could want.

The crowds were so immense and so enthusiastic as the Rolls-Royce landaulette carrying the happy pair threaded its way through a sea of taxi-cabs, buses, and pedestrians that it was almost the wedding-day over again, except for the absence of flags and bunting and troops.

They had travelled up from Dover by the ordinary Pullman car. It is crowds like these that proclaim her Royal Highness's popularity even more than the officially mustered ones. Their Princess means so much to them that they gladly stand in rain or snow or sleet for hours on the off-chance of a mere fleeting glance of her blushing face and happy smile.

Two or Three Dances.

Holy Week in London was quiet—so far as social activity went. Except for Lady Cunard's dance on the Monday night, and her big children's party on Tuesday afternoon.

Lady Cunard's pretty daughter, Mrs. Fairbairn, is back from the Riviera (looking very much better for her long sojourn in the sun), where she has been writing a good deal. So I suppose there will soon be more "Wheels," or perhaps she is to publish some more of her short poems in a volume by themselves. She certainly can write, and should have no lack of inspiration in her clever mother's entourage. Statesmen, poets, painters, musicians—they all find an ever-open door at 5, Carlton House Terrace.

Another dance hostess last week was Lady Islington. Her daughter, Miss Joan Dickson-Poynder, is an only child, and her parents entertain for her a good deal. She is also very fond of an outdoor life—as they say in America—and plays a very good game of golf and lawn-tennis.

And, talking of tennis, the best reason I heard today why modern girls play all games better than girls of ten years ago is a matter of clothes. In the old days of long afternoon garden-party gowns it was such a nuisance to have to change. Now almost any frock is a tennis frock—no sleeves, no belt, no skirt to speak of; and, above all, the modern coiffure does not get untidy. Oh, those awful days of multitudinous bunches



1. All Angela's affairs have gone rather awry lately, so she has now founded a League for the Suppression of the Male.

of curls piled high on the top of the head! And hats that had to be pinned on; and petticoats with lace that would catch in your heel; and other frilly details of intimate dress that handicapped all our mothers' freedom.

But if I go on like this people will think "Jane" is really "Margot." Mrs. Asquith revels in describing the last detail of the clothes of her youth.

Mrs. Asquith, back from America, is very enlightening on many subjects. "I know something about youth, as we Tennants are a race apart . . . because we have no age. . . . Gipsies and palmists said I would always be young enough to make love and inspire it. . . .



My father's last beautiful daughter was born when he was eighty."

Well, well . . . I suppose we all know something about youth. We all think our own race a race apart. But most of us are sadly lacking in the courage that would endeavour to convince the cold and indifferent world of the eternal bloom of our hidden qualities.

"Jane," for instance, has a whole drawerful of the most wonderful love-letters. They all eulogise her beauty, her soulfulness, her divinity. And they were not written so very long ago. But "Jane's" sense of humour it is that forbids her publishing them. For a sense of humour is really an inverted sense of pathos or deep sentiment. And not even to make one million pounds could any woman with a true sense of humour hope to convince the world at large that she was really ever any of the hyper-ideal things a lover wrote about her! Besides, it would be such a calamity if someone published her own early love-letters! Any woman's, I mean, not only Mrs. Asquith's (or "Jane's").

And, talking of love, they are certainly modernising marriage in America.

American brides—those belonging to the Protestant Episcopal Church (which is almost

identical with the Church of England, except that they pray for the President of the U.S.A. instead of for our Royal Family)—must in future leave out the promise "to obey." And husbands no longer "endow" wives with all their worldly goods. Not that that makes much change, in any case, as the old-fashioned commitment rarely meant anything in practical prosy life, except during the honeymoon, perhaps. Though in America husbands certainly do work like slaves to provide their womenfolk with worldly goods beyond the wildest dreams of our own too contented English souls.

Abel Smith—Whitbread Wedding.

Lord and Lady Sudeley's grand-daughter, Miss Beatrice Whitbread, chose to have a quiet wedding at St. Saviour's, Walton Street; but her very pretty shell-pink marocain gown was most becoming, with its girdle of rosettes of narrow ribbon. Ribbon seems to be coming in with a vengeance this season, and there is a special charm about all things feminine that have room for a dainty



2. Several of those of her friends who are feeling slightly disgruntled hasten to join it. Aunt Babsie means to become a most prominent member.

rossette or bow of it somewhere. Miss Whitbread's hat was nut-brown satin trimmed with a large feather of the same colour.

There was no reception, but there were a number of well-known people at the church. Amongst them, besides the two families, were Mrs. Felix Hanbury-Tracy and her two little boys, the Arthur Holland-Hibberts, Lady



GLADYS PETO

3. Angela has designed a uniform for the league—warranted to render the members as unalluring as possible. Aunt Babsie feels sure she is going to find her new costume singularly unsatisfying. . . .

Darnley and Lady Alice Bligh, Lady Chichester, Lady Elizabeth Pelham, Sir Arthur Peel, the Edward Heron-Maxwells, Lady Fremantle, Mrs. George Lascelles with Miss Joan Lascelles, and a number of others.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Whitbread lent Southill Park, Biggleswade, for the honeymoon. Mr. Howard Whitbread is H.M.'s Lieutenant for Bedfordshire, and as Chairman of the Quarter Sessions, Bedfordshire, and President of the Territorial Force Association, is indeed a power in the land, and did much patriotic work for his country during the war.

His wife is a daughter of Mr. Edward Bourke, Lord Mayo's son.

Butterwick-Dickinson Wedding.

Another wedding of the same day was that of Miss Désirée Dickinson to Mr. James Butterwick, only son of the Chaplain to the Duke of Portland.

Miss Dickinson is the elder daughter of Sir Willoughby Dickinson, the Chairman of the League of Nations Society, who is connected with so many of our various philanthropic enterprises.

Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, seemed full, and with such dignitaries of the Church as the Bishop of Kensington, Prebendary Gough, and the Headmaster of Eton tie the nuptial knot, it all seemed specially sacred and religious. Dr. Alington has such a "presence" that I always think he makes even an ordinary room have a cloistered

feeling. His beautiful head strikes the right note at a wedding.

Miss Dickinson was given away by her father and looked lovely in a conventional wedding-gown of soft cream velvet with a girdle of pearls and diamanté. The court train was of antique lace bordered by velvet; and the long tulle veil held with a wreath of green leaves and orange-blossom buds was most ethereal-looking and becoming. Her sheaf of white lilac looked most spring-like, and so did the pale-yellow frocks of the train-bearers—little Patricia Nicholson and Theo Maine. The bridesmaids—the Misses Eveleen Campbell-Gray, Lorna Baldwin, Molly Penrose Thackwell, Joan Peel, and Lady Alexandra Cavendish-Bentinck—were also delightfully dressed in pale primrose, with long, petal-like draperies and deep girdles of blue-and-gold brocade. They wore gold tulle veils held by wreaths of green leaves, and carried sheaves of blue iris.

Lord Titchfield was the best man—an unusual though not forbidden office for a married man; and amongst the many I saw in the church were Lady Dickinson, Mrs. Butterwick, Mr. J. Davidson, M.P., Lady Mackenzie Davidson, the Duchess of Portland, with her daughter-in-law, Lady Titchfield, Lord and Lady Savile and Lady Savile's little son, Master Levita, Sir Alfred and Lady Mond, Lady Capel Slaughter, Lady Sykes, Mrs. Riversdale Grenfell, Sir Stanley and Lady Baldwin, and Lady Hamilton-Benn.

After the wedding the bride's mother held a reception at 4, Egerton Gardens.

Easter Parties and Returning Travellers.

Lord and Lady Beatty entertained a jolly house party for Easter at that wonderful old house, Reigate Priory. Another quite youthful party of a different type went up to spend a fishing week with Sir George Macpherson-Grant, at Ballindalloch Castle, in Banffshire. He is another bachelor host, and succeeded his father in 1914. He owns about a hundred and twenty-five thousand acres of lovely Scotland, with perhaps the best salmon-fishing in the country, and is a very keen gardener and motor enthusiast. He speaks much better French than is usual for the typical Etonian! I remember first meeting him at Monte Carlo, where mutual friends were most amused because I mistook him for a Frenchman! I had heard him talking to the *concierge*, and it seemed impossible that his Parisian accent could belong to a Scotsman.

So many people are now rushing home for the summer. Lord and Lady Mar and Kellie are on their way home from South Africa. They have been wintering there, and so have the Duke of Abercorn and Lady Katherine Hamilton, who are expected back early in May. And from America Lord and Lady Dunmore have already arrived, very enthusiastic over their visit; and the Wiloughby de Brokes are back from India. So are Lord and Lady Montagu of Beaulieu and Lady Hardwicke. And from Gibraltar Lady Burghclere and her daughter have returned home with much to say about the joys of the sunshine and the wonderful geraniums of the old gardens on the Algeciras side of the bay.

Lord Wimborne spent Easter in Paris—always at its jolliest then—and so did Lord Tredegar; while Sir Herbert and Lady Walker went to Rome.

Most of the Riviera visitors seem to be remaining there till after the London season is really in full swing.

The Duchess of Albany has her beloved grandchildren (Princess Alice's boy and girl) with her at Cannes: such a delightful young couple. Lord Trematon is growing very handsome, and little Lady May Cambridge is already the image of her lovely mother.

Lord and Lady Birkenhead and their elder daughter also spent some jolly days at Cannes

before the Lord Chancellor had to leave in his yacht *Mairi* for the Genoa Conference.

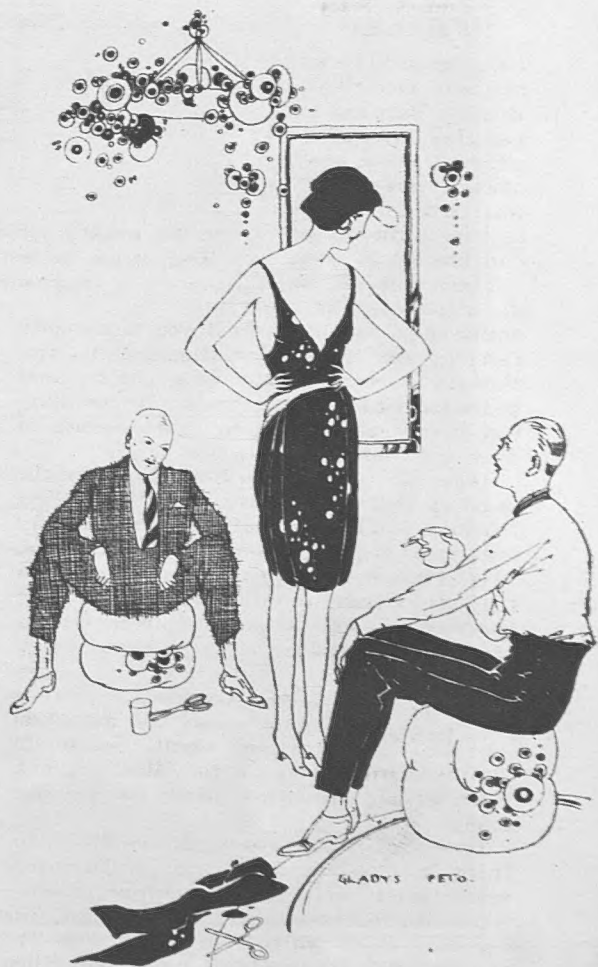
Mrs. Edward Lascelles spent Easter there with her uncle, Sir Arthur Balfour. And, of course, Prince and Princess Christopher's villa is still a great centre, and Lord and Lady Milford Haven are still at Cannes, and Lady Wavertree, Lady Coates, the Rocksavages, and many other tennis enthusiasts.

The Golfing Festival.

Easter is always the great golfing festival, for, if the weather be kind, the temperature is neither too low nor too high for one to savour the full joy of a round on the links. I hear that Sheringham was very full for the holiday. Lord Justice Scrutton is Captain of the Club this year. He is a keen golfer, and was hoping to be at Sheringham over Easter. I hear that the pre-Easter competition for the staff of the Club was a great success. It's a very sporting idea to have a silver cup for the staff to play for once a year, and the trophy at Sheringham was given by the 1921-22 Captain, Mr. Alix Johnstone. Play is against the redoubtable Colonel Bogey, and Rudd, the assistant to Ernest Riseboro, the "pro," won it. He was also successful in the foursomes in the afternoon, as he and his partner tied with their opponents. When one is on the subject of Bogey, how many golfers know, I wonder, that the "Colonel" is an English invention, whom old-fashioned, tradition-loving Scottish golfers despise!

When I am on the subject of Sheringham Golf Club staff competition, I may as well hand on the account of the lunch at the club which I received in a letter. Lord Sandhurst, whose Norfolk seat is Edgebrook, Sheringham, was in the chair, while his son, the Hon. Ralph Mansfield, O.B.E., acted as a very efficient wine-waiter!

IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.



GLADYS PETO

4. . . . And Algy, and Angela's faithful admirers, Bobbie Barnes—who never really get on very well together—are unanimous in condemning the uniform. Algy takes off his coat and improves matters a bit with a large pair of scissors. Somehow the league isn't exactly flourishing.

Plays—Without Prejudice.

"LOYALTIES," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE.

Perfection. Perfection is a rare and dangerous article. It is a little like the genuine five-pound notes which anxious gentlemen with a taste for wagers endeavour to persuade a sceptical public to buy. And with rare success. But for once the public is buying the five-pound notes. It is getting perfection for the price of a theatre seat. And Mr. Galsworthy is the rash, the courageous, the successful purveyor of perfection.

The Bullseye. 'One may say of "Loyalties" what one may say of few plays in this imperfect world. That it is Just Right. There is just enough argument to give you that virtuous feeling on the way home—of an evening wisely spent. But not too much to spoil the swiftly moving drama of the piece. The people live. But there is no sacrifice of tragedy to a dreary reproduction of lifelike conditions. It is Just Right.

The Waster. And how well they act it. Mr. Eric Maturin, who had made an unbelievable young gentleman in "Heartbreak House" almost credible, gets the reckless post-war loafer to the life. He might so nearly have been a hero of school-girl magazine fiction. He was almost a police-court villain. You meet him every time that you open an evening paper and elude the column about politics in favour of

something Really Bright. One feels that Captain Dancy did a good deal in his way for the Brighter London.

Sir Ferdinand. Mr. Ernest Milton gets the cultured wing of the plutocracy to the life. His neurotic, nasty creature is vividly accurate; the walk, the crow, the gestures are exactly true. And when he overacts, he does it exactly as his originals overact their parts in life. It is a performance of rare distinction, and one hopes to see him fitted out with good parts for life—not all like this one, but each with a problem for him to solve in it.

The Club. The *mate* background of the duel is first-rate. Mr. Dawson Milward and Mr. Ben Field manage to make that club a terror to the young. One hardly dares to ring for muffins in the morning-room after seeing them keep their younger members in order. And equally good, in a more extreme mode, were Mr. Ben Field in his second incarnation as the conscientious sugar-sifter, and Mr. Humphreys as the solicitous parent of the Magnificent (if she took after papa) Brunette.

Wives and Sweethearts. And the ladies played up to them. One is delighted to see Miss Dorothy Massingham descended from her Northern Heights and taking a more worldly tone than her usual Shavianisms opposite the Fire Station in Hampstead. And Miss Cathleen Nesbitt gives one more demonstration of the importance (as well as the practical utility) of being Miss Cathleen Nesbitt. It is so valuable to a play which wants a social atmosphere when she slouches about the stage and produces that engaging *staccato* drawl. But one would like her one day to act a *real* part again. She used to know how, and it is a little dangerous to abandon the practice for too long.

The Law's Delays. So there you have it—a perfect piece of dramatic writing presented with the best ability that the town contains. And if that won't satisfy you, then you must be very hard to please. No one can find anything to grumble at—except the lawyers who complained that busy leaders don't go down to the country for the night in the middle of heavy cases, and wanted to send a deputation to congratulate the plaintiff in *De Lewis v. Dancy* on getting a special jury case heard within three weeks of

issuing the writ. Surely Mr. Galsworthy must be forgetting his old professional *expertise*.

The Barrie Tone. And after that one had the rather giggling facetiousness of Sir James Barrie's fragment. There is a cheerful impertinence about presenting the public



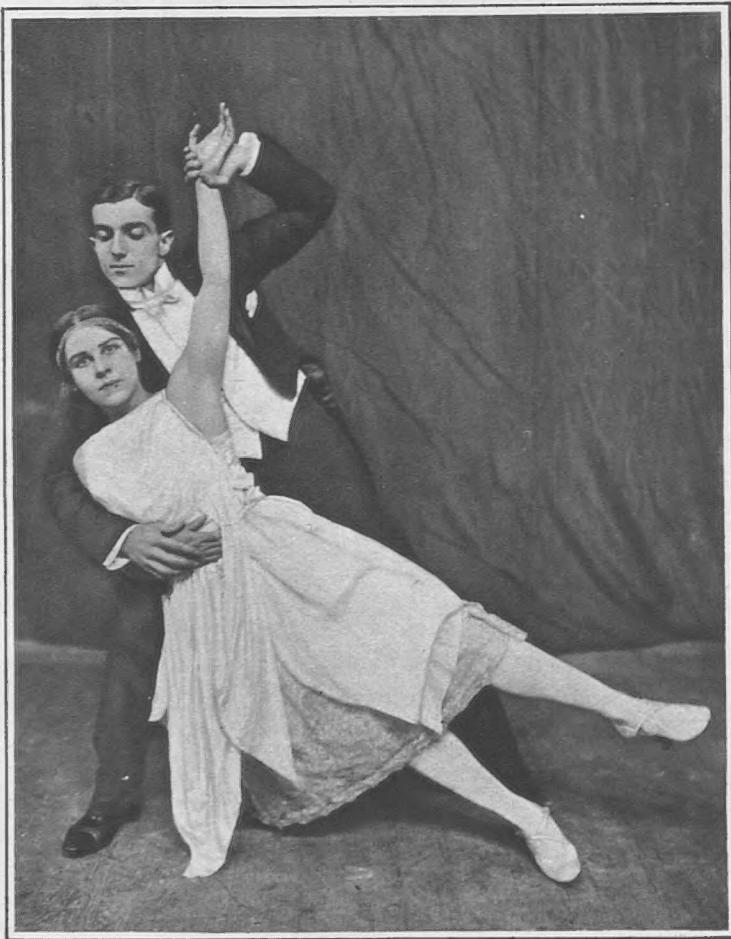
WHITE-WIGGED AND CLAD IN SHIMMERING GOLD: MISS IRENE RUSSELL AS JAZZABEL, OF "THE CURATE'S EGG."

Miss Irene Russell makes a very charming leading lady in "The Curate's Egg" at the Ambassadors. Our photograph shows her in the shiny, shimmery metallic dress and white wig which she wears in the "Jazz-You-Were" scene.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

with a fragment. Especially when one obviously has not thought of how the blamed thing is to go on. But one can pardon Sir James a good deal for the acting of Miss Marda Vanne as the Maid. Her gasps, her round, astonished eye, and her crushed exits were admirable.

The Round Table. And the people round the table seemed to have an excellent time. Especially Mr. Leslie Faber in his queer, pantaloonish part. They all said their piece and got their laugh. But somehow one was haunted by the author. And all through the first part of the evening we had been entertained by an author who allowed us to enjoy his tragedy without obtruding his own personal quality on us. Not so Sir James. He seemed determined that we should say how delightfully Barrie it all was. And so we did. But we liked "Loyalties" all the more after we had smiled at "Shall We Join the Ladies?"



DANCING STRAVINSKY'S "RAG-TIME": M. LÉONIDE MASSINE AND MME. LYDIA LOPOKOVA.

The film and ballet programme of Covent Garden of last week included the Stravinsky "Rag-Time," danced by M. Massine and Mme. Lopokova. As this divertissement was so enthusiastically received when introduced in the first programme, it was repeated in the second.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

The Master Key of "The Curate's Egg."



"BUNCH" IN A BUNCH OF CHARACTERS, AT THE AMBASSADORS': MR. NELSON KEYS.

Mr. Nelson Keys' marvellous capacity for completely altering his appearance, his movements, and apparently his very features, has never been given wider scope than in "The Curate's Egg," at the Ambassadors'. He appears as Adam; Lord Nelson; A Seedy London Guide; six of the characters in "The Bass," a screamingly funny "take-off" of "The Bat," the successful American mystery play at the St. James's; Jazz;

Jahazuerus; the habitu  of a modern ball-room; an eighteenth-century Buck; a Chine ; a Guards officer, and as his own inimitable self. It is difficult to vote which impersonation is the most remarkable, so we offer them all on one page for the opinion of "Sketch" readers. Mr. Nelson Keys is generally known by his nickname of "Bunch" Keys.—[Photographs by Stage Photo Co. Camera Portrait by Dorothy Wilding.]



1. MR. BOB TILLEY, OWNER OF MORNING STAR, ETC. (L.) ; AND MR. SELMAN, OF BADMINTON.
2. MR. PETER ROBERTS, MISS PETHICK, MISS V. PETHICK, MR. IVOR ANTHONY, THE HON. MRS. AUBREY HASTINGS, MISS LINDSAY, AND MR. JACK ANTHONY (L. TO R.).
3. MR. S. L. SASSOON (LEFT), AND THE REV. MR. TIMMINS, OF WESTONBIRT.
4. MR. HUGH BARKER, MR. H. O. LORD, MRS. HUGH BARKER (L. TO R.).

5. MR. HANCOCK, CLERK OF SCALES ; AND COLONEL WALTER LINDSAY, JUDGE.
6. MISS G. HOLFORD AND FRIENDS.
7. COLONEL STANLEY'S STEP-DAUGHTER, COLONEL STANLEY, COLONEL AND LADY AVICE MENZIES.
8. ON COLONEL SIR AUDLEY NEEDLE'S COACH.

ON THE PICTURESQUE COURSE NEAR SHERSTON : AT THE BEAUFORT HUNT STEEPLECHASES.

The Beaufort Hunt Steeplechases, held over the picturesque course near Sherston, were a great success, although going was heavy and falls were many. The Duke and Duchess of Beaufort and party from Badminton

were not present, owing to the lamented death of the Earl of St. Germans.—Mrs. Hugh Barker is sister of the Hon. Mrs. Aubrey Hastings.—Colonel Stanley was O.C. the 2nd Life Guards.

(See "Gossip from the Hunting World," on page xii.) Photographs supplied by S. and G.

This Week's Studdy.



"EVERY DAY, IN EVERY RESPECT, I AM GETTING BETTER AND BETTER!"

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

Roses - Three La France and One English.



FORMERLY MISS GLADYS NORTON: MRS. H. J. MILLS.

Mrs. Henry James Fosbery Mills is the wife of Captain H. J. F. Mills, son of Sir James and Lady Mills. She is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Norton, and married the Hon. Philip Fitzalan-Howard, second son of Lord Howard of Glossop, in 1916. He was

killed in the war, and she married Captain Mills in 1920. Mrs. Mills, who is very beautiful, has one little girl, Philippa Gwendolen Mary Fitzalan-Howard. Captain and Mrs. Mills live in London and have a house in Sloane Street.

PHOTOGRAPH BY YEVONDE, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

A Society Girl Stage Success.



APPEARING IN "SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES?" MISS ELIZABETH POLLOCK.

Miss Elizabeth Pollock is one of the Society girls who have taken to the stage. She is now appearing as Miss Vaile in the "unfinished" Barrie play, "Shall We Join the Ladies?" which follows "Loyalties," at the St. Martin's. She is the younger daughter of

Sir Adrian Pollock, and of the Hon. Lady Pollock, and a granddaughter of the first Viscount Selby. Her sister, Miss Anne Pollock, married Mr. Cyril Asquith, son of Mr. H. H. Asquith. Miss Elizabeth Pollock also appeared in "A to Z," at the Prince of Wales', last year.

PHOTOGRAPH BY YEVONDE, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

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RUBBING UP THEIR GAME AT ROEHAMPTON: SOCIETY



Lady Blandford showing the finish of her underarm serve.



Lady Sinclair serving.



Lord Blandford finishes a smash.



Lord Blandford's forehand drive.



Lady Sinclair in play.



Lady Blandford making a backhand return.

Lady Sinclair under instruction.

THREE PROMISING PUPILS: THE MARQUESS

Society enthusiasts are hard at work getting ready to play their part during the lawn-tennis season, which opened in this country with Championships at Queen's; and Mrs. Larcombe, the first famous woman lawn-tennis player to turn professional, has a number of distinguished folk among her pupils. Our pages show the Marquess and Marchioness of Blandford and Lady Sinclair under instruction. Lord Blandford the son of the Duke of Marlborough and Mme. Balsan (formerly Duchess of Marlborough). It will be remembered that Lord Blandford

PHOTOGRAPHS EXCLUDED

GETTING READY FOR THE LAWN-TENNIS SEASON.



Lady Sinclair at the net.



Mrs Larcombe explains a shot to Lady Sinclair.



Lord Blandford makes a backhand return.



Lady Sinclair a pupil of Mrs. Larcombe



Lord Blandford serving.

Lady Blandford in play.

ARCHIONESS OF BLANDFORD, AND LADY SINCLAIR.

Marriage to the Hon. Alexandra Mary Cadogan, one of the lovely daughters of the late Viscount Chelsea, and of Lady Meux, took place in 1918. Lady Sinclair is the wife of Sir Archibald Sinclair, fourth Baronet, of Ulbster, Caithness, and the elder daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel James Stewart Forbes and Lady Angela Forbes. She was married in 1918, and has one little girl, Catherine, now in her third year. Lady Sinclair has the unusual Christian name of Marigold, which is very suitable for her lovely colouring.

"Sketch" BY ALFIERI.



The Clubman.

By Beveren.

At a Lecture. At what before the war was the German Athenæum Club in Stratford Place, then became the Services Club, and now is the Stratford Club, with a woman's section that has reached 200 members and is still growing, the secretary, Mr. McCandlish, has been arranging a series of lectures by well-known men. Very interesting some of them are too—particularly as the chairman asks for criticism or further information from the audience.

I attended one of these lectures a few nights ago, given by my friend Major Frank Fox, who wrote that exceedingly interesting war book, "G.H.Q.," got lamed when serving with the Royal Artillery in the war, has had some vastly exciting experiences in Ireland during various crises in that tiresomely troublous country, and in many and various ways has learned a good deal of the world at first hand. His lecture was entitled, "Does Imperialism Pay?"—and, being an Australian, he could approach the subject informatively and with breadth of vision. That magnificent old gentleman, Admiral Sir Edmund Fremantle, was on the platform with him.

The Old-Fashioned Way. Major Fox traced the causes of the growth of our Empire, said that in the future inter-trade between the Mother Country and the Dominions on a scale never before thought of would preserve the Imperial link which had been strengthened by the war, and finally spoke on behalf of the new movement by which Australia hopes to attract settlers from this over-populated isle. He mentioned that the chief Dominions overseas contained land, highly suitable land, for 35,000,000 British settlers. And it was becoming clearer than ever that since the war there were at least 5,000,000 people who could not support themselves in Great Britain without recourse to doles, the payment of which was cramping and impoverishing the lives of those who worked and had to find the money for taxes.

That was the serious side of the lecture. But when Admiral Fremantle got up he told us plainly it was the British Navy which, by keeping open the communications between England and the Colonies, had made the Empire possible. And when someone in the audience rose up and quoted Sir Percy Scott's dictum that the big battleship was obsolete, Sir Edmund, who will be eighty-six in June, retorted that in 1886 he had heard speeches in the House of Commons proving that the ironclad was doomed. But the ironclad served its purpose in the Great War; and, whatever we might say about the future being in the air or under the sea, he himself was convinced that the last day of the battle-ship was not yet.

And then came a really humorous interlude. A middle-aged man with clean-shaven face and twinkling eyes rose at the back of the hall. "We have heard how the Empire was

built up," he began. "Now I happened to be at the annexation of Fiji, so I will tell you all about it."

He had a very pleasant way of speaking (I believe he was a retired Naval Commander), and everyone turned round to listen. "I was a midshipman then," he went on, "and our ship stopped at an island, and we thought it a nice island for a game of cricket. We went ashore and began our cricket match, and the natives came to look on.

"After a while the natives seemed to ask in a casual sort of way whether or not we had annexed the island. As a midshipman I thought that that was the first time the idea suggested itself to our Captain. At any rate, we acted up to the suggestion in a 'might-as-well' sort of way. We lopped the branches off a tree, ran up the Union Jack, and lo! the island belonged to Britain. Next day we

there is much to be done. At any rate, that is how the Empire used to be made in the old days when I was a boy."

There were no more speeches after that. Everybody laughed, someone proposed a vote of thanks to the lecturer, and there was a rush for whiskies-and-sodas.

A Memorable Last Night. A week or so ago I was walking along Piccadilly with a well-known theatrical manager.

As we passed a theatre-seats booking-office a man from inside hailed the manager, and asked, half jocularly, one-third seriously: "When are you going to send some business along? Has the public given up going to the theatres?" He said later, discussing the causes of the slump, that it had been the worst week in his thirty years' experience of booking.

And yet, only a few days later, I was at the Prince's Theatre, seeing the last night of the Gilbert and Sullivan season, watching the most amazing audience within my own particular memory—members of the gallery who had waited twenty-four hours for their places, people in the stalls who never go to the theatre except for Gilbert and Sullivan operas. The gallery that night answered one question which has been many times asked during this memorable season at the Prince's Theatre: the question whether the young people really care for the Savoy operas, or whether it is a craze kept alive by the "old fogies." I was in a box and studied carefully the *personnel* of that last-night gallery. Seventy-five per cent. were young people, not more than twenty-five years of age. Most of the seventy-five per cent. were young girls who, you could tell by the quick way they followed the changes of tune in the medley of the operas played before the curtain went up on the second Act, knew every note of the music.

A Double Wait. I am told enthusiasm went so far that when some

of the faithful who started the queue at 7.15 p.m. the night before were, at 11.30 next morning, given special tickets that would enable them to leave the queue, rest and take food and return in the evening, all that they did was to join the queue for the Saturday afternoon performance. Then in the evening they resumed the places in the queue to which their tickets entitled them.

One lady who lives at Beaconsfield was unfortunate. She engaged six men at £1 a man to wait from midnight onwards and hold places for herself and her friends. When the management came out with their relief tickets at 11.30 a.m., these men were able by the lady's letter to show that they were doing a bona-fide job. They took the tickets. Then they cleared off, and got good money in selling the tickets. There were no places in the queue for the lady from Beaconsfield when she arrived.



THE DOYEN OF SCENIC ARTISTS: MR. JOSEPH HARKER—AND A "DECAMERON NIGHTS" SCENE.

Mr. Joseph Harker, the famous scenic artist, has been responsible for scenery at the leading London theatres during the past forty or fifty years, and few big productions have taken place without some of his work being seen. Notably, he did remarkable scenes for Irving and Tree; and there are, of course, "Kismet," "Chu Chin Chow," and "Cairo" to his great credit. Mr. Harker has done some exceedingly fine scenes for "Decameron Nights," which is promised for to-morrow night, Thursday, April 20, at Drury Lane. His "firm" is now known as Joseph and Phil Harker, for his eldest son is a partner. Our photograph shows the veteran scenic artist with a model of one of the "Decameron Nights" scenes.—[Photograph by Mortimer.]

entertained the native King on board ship, and we midshipmen composed an anthem in his honour, and supported the singing of it with musical instruments made out of combs and tissue paper.

"Nowadays no one seems to be building up the Empire by such simple and satisfactory ways. Perhaps it is because there is nothing left to annex. I believe if an earthquake is reported in the Pacific we send out a battleship to see if there is anything in the way of new land to be picked up. But I don't suppose

A Family Study.



WITH HER SMALL SON, DAVID : LADY PAGE WOOD.

Lady Page Wood is the wife of Sir John Stuart Page Wood, sixth Baronet, of Hatherley House, Gloucestershire, and the elder daughter of Major Arundell Clarke, of Fremington, North Devon. She was married in 1919,

and has a small son, David, who is shown with her in our portrait study. Sir John Page Wood, who is a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, was born in 1898, and succeeded his father in 1912.

Portrait Study by Marcus Adams, The Children's Studio, 43, Dover Street, W.

The Lights of Paris.

Easter Trippers. Now and again the alarm is raised that the tripper is staying away from Paris. It is not true. It never has been true. The tripper, like the poor, we have with us always. This Easter he was more in evidence than ever. What would Paris be without the tourist? One shudders to think of the tremendous change that would overtake the city were it only inhabited by residents. All the year round the visitor is here. It is largely for him—and her—that the famous dressmakers of the Rue de la Paix and of the Rue Royale, the jewellers of the same district, exist. Even our illustrious visitor, Princess Mary, peeped into the fashionable establishments that abound between the Opéra and the Rue de Rivoli.

English Spoken. What dreadful fate would overtake Montmartre were it not for the foreigners who come to see their French friends—but generally contrive to see only their compatriots! This Easter once more brings out into high relief the fact that Montmartre is chiefly run for the American and the Britisher. What of the theatres which are almost entirely dependent upon those who come and go? In the Folies-Bergère, for example, with its gorgeous spectacle and its somewhat *risqué* reputation, far more English than French is spoken.

Rather Too Old. So we have had another invasion. Personally, I like these invasions. I love the tripper and his occasional naïveté. I am not like that delightful English lady of my acquaintance who has lived here for many years, and who exclaims, with the utmost seriousness and sincerity: "Isn't it simply awful that all these strangers should come and spoil Paris!" Even when the visitor is like that raw but nice young American engineer whom I once met, I am always happy when I see him taking in the sights and frankly expressing his opinions. I don't think I ever told you about the American engineer. He was taken up the towers of Notre Dame. He regarded with interest the splendid panorama of Paris spread out before him. And then his attention was called to the battered gargoyles and decaying stones of Notre Dame. "Just think," it was said, "all that is eight hundred years old!" He looked down on the ragged masonry, reflected a moment, and then made the amazing reply: "Yes, it *would* be better if it were a bit newer, wouldn't it?"

Paris Prices. I believe it is true that in certain countries there has been an attempt to organise a sort of boycott of Paris. The most extravagant accounts of the prices charged in the French hotels have been circulating. I am bound to say that I find the prices compare most favourably with those of most other countries. Germany and Austria are, of course, ridiculously cheap, but it is a cheapness that is only temporary.

Switzerland is suffering from the high prices necessitated by the rate of exchange, and the hotel-keepers are actually contemplating reducing their charges by half. Italy has at times been very cheap, but prices have gone up. The reproach against the Riviera this year has been that the *hôtelières*, thinking of the wonderful season last year, greatly overdid it. But they have had their lesson. Paris, however, has never, in my opinion, been a dear place. The hotel-keepers have just sent me the official list of their prices, which range from 8 francs to 120 francs a room.

The latter price is, I think, the absolute maximum. It is only necessary to turn it into English money and compare it with what is charged for a room with two beds and a private bath-room in the highest class London hotel to see that it is, as things go, reasonable enough. As a matter of fact, first-rate accommodation in first-rate



DESIGNED BY A FRENCH ARTIST, AND EXHIBITED BY MME. GÉRANDEL IN THE SALON: A COAT-FROCK IN BOTTLE-GREEN JERSEY CLOTH AND PEARL-GREY WOOL.

The fashion display in the Salon was an important Parisian event, as the dresses were designed by well-known French artists and displayed by famous actresses and society women. Our photograph shows Mme. Gérandel in a bottle-green jersey cloth dress, trimmed with mock fur carried out in wool embroidery.

Photograph by Keystone View Co.

hotels can be had for a good deal less than a sovereign.

Taxe de Séjour.

The latest outcry is against the visitors' tax, which is periodically advocated. All the shop-keepers, the *restaurateurs*, the theatrical managers, are somewhat excited at the proposal. For my part, I do not believe that a *taxe de séjour* would keep anybody away. Still, it would be a mistake. The visitor certainly brings as much to Paris as he gets out of Paris. He should be encouraged and not fleeced.

Racecourse Dresses.

On Sundays everybody—including the Easter visitor—goes out to the races once more. They are so convenient. Longchamp and Auteuil are, so to speak, at our



door. You simply catch a 'bus on the boulevards and you are taken out to the country to enjoy an afternoon's entertainment in pleasant circumstances. If you are only indifferently interested in the horses, there are always the dresses at which to look. It is a revelation of what the Paris dressmakers can dare and do, to watch the women on the race-courses. Somehow, the most extravagant fancies do not appear eccentric. Startling ideas are carried out with such grace that the gaudy colours which make their appearance, the multiple varieties of the wing-like sleeve, the heavy ornamentation which seems to be the keynote not only of the frocks and the coats, but also of the parasols, the stockings, the shoes, and particularly the gloves, do not shock the observer. Certainly the richness of the attire on the race-courses is remarkable, and adds a special fascination to the joys of racing as they are understood over here in France.

Lady Northcliffe's Prize.

Much interest was taken in the award of Lady Northcliffe's prize to M. Jacques Chardonne for his romance, "L'Épithalame." The word romance must be understood in a broad sense, for any thing less romantic than this story of how two married people succeed in boring each other it would be hard to imagine. But it is a work of considerable literary merit. It only just failed to obtain the Prix Goncourt in Paris. The Académie Goncourt preferred "Battouala," the negro study by René Maran, which has, I believe, recently been translated into English. Many people considered that the Académie Goncourt was wrong—though they were doubtless influenced by political prejudices. But, in any case, it is a happy thing that the London Committee of *Femina-Vie-Heureuse* has made amends to M. Jacques Chardonne. These signs of interest in the literature of other countries are greatly appreciated in France. France, in her turn, is taking more notice of English writers than she has ever done before—as witness the publication in *Le Temps* of a Joseph Conrad story.

Einstein Films.

While I am prepared to respect Einstein as a great mathematician, while I am ready to accept on trust the statement that he has revolutionised our conceptions of time and space, I hope that as a result of his Easter trip to Paris we shall not be compelled to understand relativity whether we want to or not. Films are to be shown in the cinemas illustrating his theories. I don't know how the lesson is to be taught, but we have already had one German film which ignored the ordinary laws of space and perspective. After all, as a film star, I prefer Pearl White to Einstein.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.



THE VOGUE OF LACE: AN INSTEP-LENGTH MODEL FROM PARIS.

This beautiful long-skirted model shows Fashion's decrees for the summer. It is carried out in lace, made over black charmeuse, and has a low waist-band with a beautiful ornament decorated with jet beads. The fact that the white lace overdress hangs some inches below the black foundation should be noted.

Photograph by Keystone View Co.

Flat and Sharp!



NANCY (jealous of Violet's performance with the gargle): Violet—you're flat

DRAWN BY A. T. SMITH.



THE WIFE: Woman's always been the chief factor in the world!

THE WORM: I don't know—in the beginning she was only a side-issue

DRAWN BY STAN TERRY.

THE "ÉTOILE" TEACHES THE "GRANDS SUJETS".



IN THE BARE CIRCULAR CLASS-ROOM: THE DANCERS HUDDLING ROUND THE STOVE BETWEEN EXERCISES.



THE CLASS PASSES SLOWLY BY THE TEACHER: MA CORRECTING EACH



SHOWING THE MIRROR WHICH REFLECTS THE DANCERS' POSITIONS. ILLUSTRATION

We all admire the dancers of the Opera, but few people realise the amount of work which each member of the ballet has had to do in order to achieve her skill as a dancer. Candidates for the Opéra Ballet in Paris have first to pass a medical examination. Then they train for five years until they are admitted to the second quadrille. The grades of dancers run as follows: the second quadrille, the first quadrille, the coryphées, the "petits sujets," the "grands sujets," the premières danseuses, and the étoiles. A severe examination must be passed before a change in grade can be achieved. Our Photograph

THE CLASS-ROOM OF THE PARIS OPERA HOUSE.



ZAMBELLI, THE "ÉTOILE" OF THE PARIS OPÉRA,
SHOWS MOVEMENTS.



THE PUPIL'S STEPS: Mlle. ZAMBELLI
SHOWS MOVEMENT.



SHOWING THE BAR RUNNING 'ROUND THE ROOM:
TWO WAYS OF RESTING.

photographs show the "grands sujets" at work under the instruction of Mlle. Zambelli, the étoile. All the pupils in this class have many years of work behind them, as they first entered the Opéra when little girls of five or six years of age. Their training is, however, still arduous and continual. The class-room is a bare circular room at the top of the Opéra. It has a practice bar running all round it, is heated by one large stove, and has mirrors let into the walls so that the teacher, when she shows a step, can without inconvenience watch the pupils imitating her movements.

Legal Lights as Sportsmen: Good Racing at Edenbridge.



Mr. Justice Avory;
Miss Marriott,
Lord Sterndale
& Sir John Butcher.
(l to r)

Lord Sterndale,
Master of the Rolls;
Mr Butler Aspinall, K.C.
& Miss McLean.



Miss Marriott, Col. George Gibbs, M.P.; Sir John Butcher, K.C. M.P.
& Mrs. Gwynne.



Mr. W.T. Lawrence,
K.C.
& Mr. R.H.
Martin.



Mr. Justice Roche
(Kings Bench Division)
going to weigh in
for the Bar
Heavy Weight race.



Judge Sturges on his
Lancaster II.



Lady Snagge
crosses a gipsy's
palm with
silver.

THE BAR POINT-TO-POINT AND THE OLD SURREY AND BURSTOW HUNT RACES.

The Bar Point-to-Point and the Old Surrey and Burstow Hunt races attracted a large crowd of spectators to Edenbridge. Lord Sterndale, Master of the Rolls, and Mr. Justice Avory judged the Pegasus Club races. A number of distinguished legal lights rode their own horses, Judge Farrant winning both the Bar Light-Weight with Bar-le-Duc and the Bar Heavy-Weight with Thornton-le-Moor. Judge Sturges' Higham

Destiny, with Mr. R. R. Reeve, K.C., up, was second in the Bar Light-Weight. Judge Sturges, K.C., is the Judge of the County Courts, Circuit No. 4. He rode his own Lancaster II. in the Heavy-Weight. Mr. Justice Roche competed in the Heavy-Weight on his Nancy, and Mr. R. R. Reeve rode Darkie for him in the same race. Mr. Justice Roche was appointed a Judge of the High Court of Justice (King's Bench Division) in 1917.

Photographs by S. and G., I.B., C.N., P.I.C., and L.N.A.

The Household Brigade Steeplechases at Hawthorn Hill.



ARRIVING AT THE MEETING: THE HON.
MRS. EDGAR BRASSEY.



WITH HER DAUGHTER AND LADY MOYRA CAVENDISH:
LADY ASTOR, M.P. (CENTRE).



A KEEN SPORTSWOMAN:
MISS DE TRAFFORD.



READY FOR ALL VAGARIES OF WEATHER: LADY WARRENDER
AND SIR VICTOR WARRENDER.



WITH MR. HENRY HARTMAN: MRS. HAROLD
FARQUHAR.

The Household Brigade Point-to-Points were held in poor weather; but in spite of the cold and damp of the first day, a large crowd assembled to watch the sport, and the King and Queen motored over from Windsor and arrived shortly before two o'clock. The Hon. Mrs. Edgar Brassey is the wife of Captain Robert Brassey, of Heythrop, and the second daughter

of Lord Henry Grosvenor. Lady Moyra Cavendish is half-sister of the Duke of St. Albans, and the wife of Lord Richard Frederick Cavendish, P.C., C.B., C.M.G.—Sir Victor Warrender, M.C., is the eighth Baronet, and son of the late Vice-Admiral Sir George Warrender, seventh Baronet, and of Lady Maud Warrender. He married Miss Dorothy Rawson in 1920.

Photographs by Alferi and T.P.A.



The Man Behind the Diary.

Everybody ought to keep a diary, but very few people do. I am secretly glad that few people do, because the consistent diary-keeper is a terrible fellow. He can taunt you, contradict you, and confute you all in a breath. He is omniscient. He is puffed up with an unholy knowledge of what he said to you on July 3 of 1910. He knows just when he wrote to you, and what about, and your reply—if you did reply.

An awesome fellow. I never realised the true power of the diary until I began to keep one myself. I started my diary on Jan. 1, 1921, and have kept it religiously up to the day of writing. I put down exactly what has happened each day—from my own point of view. There is no sense in keeping a diary if you cannot illuminate the events of the moment with your own opinions. All good diarists have done that.

A man may easily become famous through his diary alone. Look at Samuel Pepys. His diary has rendered him immortal. And why? Because it was a human document of the time in which he lived. A diary must be human to endure. And it must not be self-conscious. It must not be written, ostensibly, for publication.

John Evelyn kept a diary; so did Mme. D'Arblay, and Thomas Moore, and Crabb Robinson. The diary of Marie Bashkirtseff is known to you also, and that of the Goncourts.

Our Modern Diarists.

Coming down to our times, we have two great diarists, Mrs. Asquith and Lieutenant-Colonel C. A. Court Repington, C.M.G., Commander of the Order of Leopold, and Officer of the Legion of Honour. (I have copied all that with the greatest care from the title-page of "After the War," so that henceforward I shall be able to say, with a clear conscience, "Colonel Repington"—quite briefly like that. I would not for worlds follow the practice of the gallant Colonel and allude to him as "R.")

Colonel Repington's other diary was called "The First World War." You will know all about it. But have you any idea how successful it really was? On page 238 of the present diary you are told—

"I see that my War Diary figures in the *Annual Register* for 1920. L. G." (that is the Prime Minister of the British Empire) "and I am the only people mentioned by name in the *Times Literary Supplement's* review of the *Register*. The writer says that some people think that I shall outlive my generation. I hope not. Rip van Winkle and Maurus of Heisterbach had rather a poor time. However, I suppose he means my Diary. Yes, that may live if it be true that *veritas prevalebit*. After ten impressions sold out, of two volumes dealing day by day with the most dramatic

and contentious epoch of all time, I have not had a single letter to deny any statement made in it relating to the war. . . . 'Waverley' went through six editions in nine months. I went through ten in four months, and larger editions at two guineas a set of each two volumes. I wonder if that has ever been done before?"

Well, that is human enough. The Colonel was pleased with his success. The Diary sold, and sold well. It sold quickly. It brought him fame and a good deal of solid cash. Why should he not be pleased? Why, if it comes to that, should he not swank a little? Oh, by all means.

Condemnation of Printing.

But what astonished me was the ingratitude of the Colonel. We all admit the debt we owe to our printers. We are always admitting it. I have already pointed out

A Journalistic Embassy.

"After the War" is surely the apotheosis of journalism. I gather from the preface that Viscount Burnham suggested to Colonel Repington that he should visit in turn all the countries that had taken part in the war and see how they were recovering. An admirable idea! A suggestion that any journalist would jump at, especially when his way was to be rolled smooth by the great engines of the *Daily Telegraph*.

Colonel Repington was not slow to appreciate the importance of his mission. On the very first page we discover that, on leaving the Gare de Lyon, there was no one in the sleeper whom he knew "except Prince Louis." That alone shows how right a man he was for this journalistic embassy. Most of us, I fear, would have known everyone in the sleeper except Prince Louis. Poor Pepys

knew quite a lot of humble people. Pepys could never have written a diary like "After the War."

On arrival at Athens, the Colonel called at our Legation and had a talk with Lord Granville. "I told him of my recent experiences and gave him my point of view." Our diarist is fond of this phrase. I began to keep a list of the number of times it occurred, but soon abandoned the task. It is simpler to take it for granted that wherever he went, and whomever he met, he gave them his point of view. What could be fairer? When Mr. Balfour was at Washington for the great Conference on the Limitation of Armaments, for example, why should he have been deprived of the Colonel's point of view? Make your mind easy. He was not.

Tact. Returning to Athens, I find

I have marked a most interesting passage. It shows how one can be dignified under the most trying circumstances—

"We had scarcely begun lunch before the Patriarch was announced. [The lunch was given, I must tell you, by the Prince and Princess Nicholas, and the guests included Prince and Princess Christopher.] He had come to bless the household. We trooped out, and the Patriarch blessed them all and they kissed a cross. He extended the cross to me and I bowed."

Marvels abound on every page, almost, of this volume. I am staggered. I am on my knees. Listen, little men of Fleet Street—

"I found Prince Nicholas cool-headed, well-informed, and perspicacious. He also has a good acquaintance with the old architecture of Athens and has a cultivated mind. I told him my views. . . . They asked me to talk to the King as I had to them, and I said that I certainly would." Lord Granville, however, slightly differed. "He advised me to let the King talk."

So the King had a chance to air his views, but even then he was told a good deal that may have surprised his Majesty. After which, as though this was not enough for one day, the Colonel calmly goes to tea with

[Continued on page 105]



THE LAW GOES POINT-TO-POINTING: THE WATER JUMP IN THE BAR HEAVY-WEIGHT RACE.

Three horses following came to grief over the water jump in the Bar Heavy-Weight Race at Edenbridge. Judge Farrant won the race on his Thornton le Moor. He is Judge of the County Courts Circuit No. 35. Other photographs of the Bar Point-to-Points will be found in another part of this issue.—[Photograph by T.P.A.]

that few walks of life evoke so much cossetting as that of the printer. And the Colonel should cosset with the rest of us; for without the printer he would never have attained to the immortality somewhat vaguely foreshadowed by the reviewer of the *Times*.

What, however, do we find? On page 220 of the latest diary this—

"Nobody knows who invented printing, nor ever will know. If we knew we should posthumously burn him at the stake. He has been responsible for all the heresies, illusions, troubles, and wars of five centuries. He still perpetuates enmities by permitting every hasty word of some overwrought politician to be placed next day before all the people outraged by it. . . . He has allowed every village idiot who pretends that he possesses the truth to mislead others."

Furthermore, he prints diaries. He prints diaries that go through ten editions in four months. If he ever prints mine it will go through sixteen editions in three months.

Masked Into Movie Stardom: Frolic Girls Re-Faced.



ZIEGFELD BEAUTIES AS CARICATURES OF FILM FAVOURITES: (L. TO R.) "CHARLIE CHAPLIN," "JOHN BARRYMORE," "HAROLD LLOYD," "WILLIAM S. HART," "DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS," AND "LARRY SEMON."



AS THEMSELVES: SIX OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRLS IN THE ZIEGFELD FROLIC.

One of the numbers in the new Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic in the U.S.A. is a masked affair. Mr. Dulac and Mr. Benda taught us the possibilities of masks as an aid to the fantastic or the grotesque; but Mr. John Held jun., the well-known cartoonist and illustrator, has approached the matter in the vein of caricature. He is responsible for the "false faces" which transform six of the most beautiful members

of the famous Ziegfeld Frolic chorus into caricatures of famous movie stars. Our upper photograph shows the sextet disguised as well-known film actors. Charlie Chaplin's moustache, the familiar smile of "Doug" Fairbanks, and the characteristics of the other cinema actors are cleverly "taken off"; and in our lower photograph we show the six lovely girls as they really are.—[Photographs by Francis Arthur Jones.]

(Continued.)
two Princes and two Princesses and has "an amusing talk." It is all like some very wonderful dream.

Mind you, such greatness has its inevitable penalties.

"In the morning interviewed an intolerable number of people who come to see me every day and ask for advice and for my views on all sorts of subjects." However, it's a long lane that has no turning. "Went to lunch with the King at 1 p.m." They were evidently getting matey.

It was just the same at Rome. "I saw M. Métafas later in the day. . . . He said that the Greek papers were all full of my doings in Greece, and recorded my every movement."

The Colonel in Paris. Paris, for some obscure reason, was not quite so deferential. I find an indignant passage—

"Driving back to Paris found our bridge closed by gates and had to motor miles down-stream to another bridge to get across. Just like the French Jacks-in-Office! Why close the gates at all? Why, indeed? Or, having closed them, why not pull them up by the roots so that the Colonel's car might sweep past unchecked?"

But the unfortunate Parisians are not at all popular with our Diarist. Remembering the gay scenes in which he figured at intervals during the war, duly recorded in the successful Diary, I was naturally astonished to note the change of tone in Paris—

"Lady A. and I watched the dancing for some time. The ladies had few clothes, and none on their backs. We thought the whole proceedings undignified, indecent, and vulgar. We felt sick of this sort of thing, which belongs to a dead past." I wonder when it died? I thought the war had given it a new lease of life.

The Man Who Won the War. It has been left to Colonel Repington to decide, and to record for all time, who won the war. Not "L.G."; not Lord Kitchener, who got it so hot, if I remember rightly, in the successful Diary; not even Lord Northcliffe. Indeed, it was not an Englishman at all. It was Clemenceau.

"The same old commonplace bourgeois den, with the dark, enclosed court all surrounded by other houses, and in the dining-room, where I waited for a few minutes, the same dirty old wood-work on the walls, crying for coats of paint. . . . What a home for the man who won the greatest war in history!"

This is the best thing in the Diary, the interview with Clemenceau. It is written with real feeling, genuine admiration. And Clemenceau's reply when the Colonel asked him to contradict the lies that were being told is very fine.

"He had said nothing, had written nothing, and was not going to. He took no interest in controversies about the past which was over. He had lived through the greatest period, and had done his best. It was enough to contemplate in silence the grandeur of it all. He took pleasure in his disdain of all discussion over the past. He had been too deeply concerned in these events, and the events had been too tremendous, for him not to feel it unworthy of him to waste his remaining years in sterile discussions. He did not care what people thought or said. It was all one to him."

As the gallant Colonel himself remarks in another connection, "O golden silence!" But how few of us can keep silent under injustice and misrepresentation? It is easier, perhaps, for old gentlemen who have achieved all their ambitions. Their places and reputations

are certain; but not so the man with half his battles still before him.

With the Americans.

Our Diarist ended his wanderings in America, where he arrived in the nick of time for the Washington Conference. This



THE ONLY WOMAN PUBLISHER IN ENGLAND :
MRS. EYRE-MACKLIN.

Mrs. Eyre-Macklin is the first woman to have taken up publishing as a career in England. Under the name of A. M. Philpot, Ltd. (she was a Miss Philpot), she is building up a distinctive house. "The Home Life of Swinburne," by Clara Watts Dunton, one of the successes of this season, is one of her publications.—[Photograph by Mrs. Jack Morrison.]



THE PART-AUTHOR OF "THE BAT": MRS. MARY ROBERTS RINEHART.

Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart, the well-known American playwright and novelist, is part-author with Mr. Avory Hopwood of "The Bat," the successful mystery play at the St. James's. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Beveridge Roberts, and the wife of Mr. Stanley Marshall Rinehart, of Pittsburgh, and has written a number of successful novels and plays, including "The Street of Seven Stars," "The Amazing Interlude," "The Altar of Freedom." She collaborated with her husband over "The Avenger," a one-act play, and with Mr. Avory Hopwood in "Seven Days," a farce produced at the Astor Theatre, New York.

Photograph by Ira D. Schwartz.

portion of the book is extremely interesting. The Colonel was still undaunted. Among the famous and influential people whom he met was General Buat, the French Chief of Staff. "I told him that as England had agreed to scrap half her fleet and France had the ambition to double hers, I thought that the best way out was for us to sell him half our Navy. Then we should ease our finances, and France would more than double her navy all at once. He thought this a splendid idea, and was all for it."

O golden silence!

"Sealed Women." If you have any predilection in favour of Mormons—if, I mean, you are thinking of taking rooms for the summer holidays in Salt Lake City, with a view to marrying off your remaining pre-war daughters—I advise you to read Miss Winifred Graham's new novel, entitled "Sealed Women."

I have met, in my time, cynical people, wicked people, cruel people, and selfish people. But never, I swear, have I met anyone so wholly and all of these as Hyrum Thatcher. Catchum would have been a better name than Hyrum, for this fascinating gentleman was the Head Decoy for the lonely Mormons awaiting his return from London with a batch of perfectly good new wives.

"His power over girls was acknowledged in the Mormon Church. His triumphs were many; in fact, it was said that he had never been known to fail when he set out to win a maiden's heart."

Nor did he fail with Joy Ripple, although she was a London girl and had had the benefit, so far as knowledge is concerned, of passing through the Great War.

Her experiences with Hyrum were very beastly. It is, in short, a revolting book; but I am sure that Miss Winifred Graham in writing it, and Messrs. Hutchinson in publishing it, were sincerely anxious to warn all the silly girls of England against the machinations of such transparent and preposterous bounders as Hyrum.

"Short Shipments." I am equally sure that Elinor Mordaunt, whether she be Miss or Mrs., will be hailed as one of the elect. There are more deaths, and coffins, and suicides in this volume of short stories than I ever remember in a book of less than three hundred pages. The first ends in suicide—well, you might say that it begins and ends in suicide; the second in a sort of murder; the third begins with murder; the fourth—

Why continue the list? If you like the gruesome, if you want horror on horror, if you are convinced that the duty of an author towards his neighbour is to make his flesh creep and his hair stand on end, then buy a copy of this book and take it to your little home in the forest. Shut the door, put out all the lights but one, huddle yourself over the fire, and gloat. I promise you that you will get full value for your money. If "The Yellow Cat" doesn't do it, try "Hodge"; and if "Hodge" doesn't do it, then I think you ought to see a doctor and ask him what is the matter with your skin.

"It ought to creep, Doctor, and it won't!"

He may be able to give you something for it, but I would rather put my faith in Miss (or Mrs.) Elinor Mordaunt.

After the War: A Diary. By Colonel Repington (Constable; 21s. net.)

Sealed Women. By Winifred Graham. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net.)

Short Shipments. By Elinor Mordaunt. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net.)

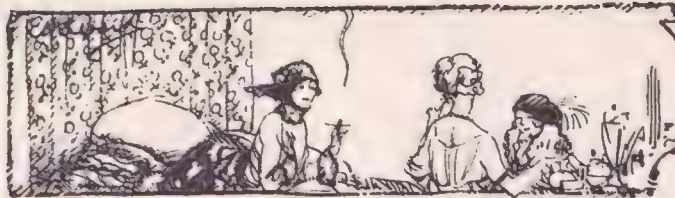
The Wife of the British Minister at Stockholm.



FORMERLY MISS SARITA ENRIQUITA WARD : LADY (COLVILLE) BARCLAY.

This beautiful photographic portrait of Lady Barclay is an example of the work of Dr. Henry B. Goodwin, F.R.P.S., of Stockholm, and was among the prints exhibited at the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain, in the "one-man" show which Dr. Goodwin held there from April 4 till April 19, (to-day). Lady Barclay is the wife of Sir Colville Barclay, K.C.M.G., C.B., C.B.E., M.V.O., etc., H.M.'s Envoy Extraordinary

and Minister Plenipotentiary at Stockholm, and the daughter of Mr. Herbert Ward, of 105, Avenue Malakoff, Paris. She was married in 1912, and has three sons—Colville, Cecil, and Robert, born in 1913, 1914, and 1918 respectively. Sir Colville, who was created a K.C.M.G. this year, is the brother and heir-presumptive of Sir Robert Barclay, thirteenth Baronet, of Pierston, Ayrshire.—[Photographic Portrait by Dr. Henry B. Goodwin, F.R.P.S.]



Tales with a sting.

REG AND RESCUE.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON. (Author of "Low Ceilings," "Green Ladies," &c.)

WHEN the girl with the Talmadge actuations and a limpid Gish terror in her big, honey-coloured eyes came out of the morning mist and stopped his car with true S.O.S. gestures, Reg Fuller was thrilled. This looked like adventure.

When, after seven words of throbby conversation mainly about murder, a large and workmanlike sack came over his head, Reg, apart from a displeasure at the fact that romance should lurk amid so strong a smell of onions, was more than thrilled.

Here at last was adventure.

Reg had been waiting for the introduction quite a time. Reg was one of those large, beamy young men of village-blacksmith linear specification, and a Quixote eye. His sort are prone to romantic thoughts as a Chancellor is inclined instinctively to tax. Quite early in his inconsiderable life Reg had adopted "Deeds of Derring-Do" as his trade motto, and had utilised his far too considerable income in the pursuit of occasions for knight-errantry.

He had, up to this morning, been almost brilliantly unsuccessful. This was a pity, for he had devoted a full eighteen months of travel to a chase of this form of romance through all the known hot-spots of the earth, and had come back almost convinced that, outside the frontier-lines of Mr. Oppenheim's novels, the coy thrills of rescuing damsels in distress from dagger-garnished desperados did not exist.

It was of little satisfaction to him to adopt an air of worldly cynicism and tell the universe loudly (indeed, too loudly), as he had been during the past month, that he had searched both the jungles of Brazil and the Bowery, and the bad lands everywhere possible from Houndsditch to the Hooghli, and thence on, and had found no sign of adventure. This sort of thing, while impressing dance partners, did not satisfy his soul. He wanted adventure. He was greedy for it.

Thus it was that the onion-sack, though it was abominable to one who had just come from his river bathe, had to him the odour of all daring deeds and fabulous hair's-breadth encounters.

Even as he was driven, bound and gagged, in his own car, he was composing conversations of joy. They began: "By Jove, life's a queer old hussy. Went all the way round the world hunting excitement, don't you know, an' didn't find it. But here, on my very domestic doorstep, so to speak, it lay in waiting—"

After a somewhat lengthy run he was hoicked out of the car and carried into a house. The onion-bag was taken off his parting in the middle, and Reg found himself looking at a dark, brutal man with a permanently imposed sneer. Reg smiled in his best young-hero manner, and said, "Morning, Horace, we've arrived."

The sardonic man put a large, strong-minded revolver on the table before him, and said, "No back chat, Mister Reginald Fuller, we mean business. Yes, you see we know you." For Reg had looked surprised. "We also know your sister—ha! that surprises you?"

It did rather, for Reg felt he would like to know her himself. There is always that Barriresque feeling inside an only child.

"We know her—in fact, she is *here*. But before you have a little chat with her, in which she will explain the whole nature of the matter in hand, I want you to understand fully that we'll stand no nonsense.

We've got her tight, we've got the whip hand absolutely, and we can and will carry out what we say unless the sum which we have named to her—that is, £2000—is forthcoming."

"Sounds mixed but expensive," said Reg.

"That you'll have to talk over with her."

The man went to a further door, opened it, called through. "Bring her in," he said, and, "Well, Blanche, my dear, you thought you could defy me by refusing to write to your brother in order to get him here. You see, I'm not a person to be defied. I've brought him here myself."

A musical and heart-disturbing voice uttered a wail. "Reg *here*!" it cried. Then an altogether bewildering beauty came through the door and stared at Reg with amazed eyes.

She really was a stunning girl, with a sweet, open, innocent English face; large and exquisite eyes; a gloriously soft complexion, and the softest, most moving and appealing lips. She stood there, sweet and tall and scared, while the sardonic man told them to have a ten-minutes chat alone and come to a sensible conclusion, and then, when the door had shut on the brute, she came forward, put her delicious face close to his (she was, like him, pinioned about the arms), and whispered:

"Who are you? You're not my brother."

"Don't be afraid," he whispered back.

"I'm Reg, and one Reg is as good as another."

"But it is Reg Fuller they want."

"I'm Reg and Fuller too," he grinned heroically. "You aren't telling me your name's Fuller as well?"

"It is," she breathed. "It's extraordinary."

"Not it," he laughed, employing quite the gallantest note. "Not the name Fuller, it's almost a universal habit; met tons; and Regs of that name, too. And, by Jove, don't it explain how they've made a bloomer? They've taken me for the other, don't you see. Now you tell me what all this bustle is about."

At first she would not tell him. Tears came into her adorable eyes, and her soft lips trembled as she told him how sorry she was that he had been dragged into this. Her face was close to his, almost too close for human heroism, and an intoxicating perfume rose from her silken garments. But Reg was redoubtably heroic and manly, and he was able at length to persuade her that one Reg was as good as another, if not better, and that even his peculiar un-brotherliness had definite advantages.

Then she told him her story. It was all that he had ever asked of Life and Adventure. To put it briefly, she was the Woman in the Toils. She had behaved rather stupidly, but, oh, so womanly, with a polished scoundrel. The polished scoundrel had compromised her by bringing her to this place, and his terms for not making her a public scandal and bringing the ancient name of Fuller down in shame to the earth were £2000, strictly cash.

He hoped to get it out of her brother Reg. Reg had returned a few weeks ago from abroad (the Reg present noted the coincidence), he was unknown to the scoundrel, but that did not matter. Reg the brother had been tied to business in Town, but was due to motor down to the Old Home two days ago. He was addicted to motoring, like Reg his substitute. The villain had tried to make Blanche write a note that would lure him into this house, where money could be extracted from him under threat of the

exposure of the sister. She had refused. But, it seemed, they had attempted to get him on their own.

Reg the adventurous, his heart absolutely bubbling with joy at this heaven-sent chance of rescuing damsels, pointed out how the idiots had made their slip-up. He had just returned from foreign travel. He was fond of motoring. He was Reg Fuller; the miscreants had simply made their inquiries in the wrong direction and jumped at a false conclusion with that onion-sack. He also pointed out that it was all for the best, for he was just the man to tackle so knotty a situation. He was glad indeed to be the rescuer of a girl like her. In fact, he showed it so much in his glance that she blushed and dropped her eyes.

But it is one thing to have your situation, and another to tackle it. Fisticuffs would not do, for the means therewith were securely roped. Reg said staunchly but vaguely that he would find a way; but when the girl showed, very delicately, that however heroic one was, it was practically impossible by physical means to prevent the dissipation of knowledge that would compromise a girl, he saw that the only thing to do was to buy the blighters off.

"She was frightfully upset at it; protested, an' all that," Reg explained to a group of bated listeners later. "But I took the strong hand. What was I there rescuing for, anyhow? I had my cheque-book an' I drew the £2000. I also wrote a natty little note explaining that my secretary (I took that to be the Talmadge-Gish one) must bring away the loot in minted notes. By jove, Blanche was grateful. Really touching it was. Really! I felt heaps a nobler and truer man an' that sort of thing when she had done. It was worth the two thou', just to get that feeling."

"Well, after that there was very little worthy of the historian. They bunged me in an attic alone, and somewhere about oneish—it must have been the lunch impulse—I burst my bonds, so to speak, and scrambled clear. And there you are."

"No, we're not," said someone. "There's quite a lot of blanks. What about the girl, for instance, this Blanche Fuller?"

"Oh, her? Well, the police had her pretty tight when I arrived at the bank."

"Had *her*?"

"Well, seemingly. She and the sardonic chap were cashing that old cheque together—as befits man and wife."

"Well, I almost guessed she was in the swindle," said the inevitable wise one. "But how were they nabbed? The cheque and note were straightforward."

"Well, not exactly," blushed Reg. "You see, I signed both 'Reginald.' He stared round at blank faces. "'Reginald Fuller,' see."

"Not a bit. It's your name, isn't it?"

"Show's how easily they slipped up. They thought I'd been christened humanly, too. But I hadn't. My name's Regulus. Beast of a name, ain't it! I loathe it. That's why I always take a shy shelter under good old 'Reg.' Those blighters knew all about me and my taste for adventure, an' they thought they could make a haul out of it, but they didn't quite know enough. Don't blame 'em, really. Regulus is a guilty secret I only share with my banker; but he saw the moot point, so to speak, when 'Reginald' not 'Regulus' turned up on a cheque. And he is a mighty quick lad with the telephone."

THE END.

Dinah of "The Edge o' Beyond."



NOW TOURING IN ENGLAND: MISS RUBY MILLER.

Miss Ruby Miller, the well-known actress-manager, is now on tour in "The Edge o' Beyond," the successful play of South African life which had so long a run at the Garrick. Miss Miller and Mr. Roy Horniman are responsible for the stage version of "The Edge o' Beyond," adapted

from the famous novel of the same name by the late Gertrude Page (Mrs. Gertrude Dobbin), author of "Paddy the Next Best Thing." Miss Miller is well suited by the rôle of Dinah, the heroine of "The Edge o' Beyond." The play is going to South Africa later in the year.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

**THE TEASE.**

FROM THE DRAWING BY ICART.

From the Dry-point published by l'Estampe Moderne, 12, Rue Godot de Mauroi, Paris.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY H. H. HARRIS.

The Wife of a Peer from Ulster.



FORMERLY MISS JEAN BARBARA AINSWORTH : VISCOUNTESS MASSEREENE AND FERRARD.

Viscountess Massereene is the wife of the twelfth Viscount Massereene and Ferrard, and the elder daughter of Sir John Ainsworth, M.P. She was married in 1905, and has a son, born in 1914, and a daughter, who is five years his senior. Lord Massereene, whose Irish seat is

Antrim Castle, Antrim, sits in the House of Lords as Baron Oriel, a title which dates from 1821; while his Irish Viscounty goes back to 1660. He is a Member of the Senate of Northern Ireland, and is the Parliamentary Secretary of the Ministry of Northern Ireland.

FROM THE DRAWING BY PERCIVAL ANDERSON, M.B.E.

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“BLACK & WHITE”

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From Biarritz.

Uncertain Weather.

Golf, gambling, and—gales. Biarritz would not be true to herself if these three were not fighting for supremacy, each in its own way. And if you in England have had bad weather, pray do not imagine that we out here have been better favoured. 'Tis true snow has not come to Biarritz, but—well, nearly every day the storm cone has been hoisted, and you know what *that* means!

Golf is our mainstay, however, even in bad weather. Fortunately, the links are so situated that the heaviest downpour of rain does not seriously affect things, and one can turn out and play with dry shoes even after a deluge—which is fortunate indeed, seeing that deluges have been more or less our regular lot. Crowds flock to the links, and the only possible time for a round without other players on one's heels is quite early in the mornings or after 5.30.

Some Keen Golfers.

Little Mrs. Dudley Coats and her good-looking husband are often to be found there; and I could give you an endless list of the names of faithful devotees of the Biarritz Golf Club, such as Sir Theodore and Lady Brinckman, Sir George and Lady Clerk, of Belfast, Baron Cederström, Lord Cochrane of Cults and his sister, the Hon. Dorothy Cochrane; Sir Henry Ballantyne, the Princesse de Broglie, Lady Crossley, the Marquise de Mos, and Lady Hambro, Mrs. Keith, Comtesse O'Brien and Mrs. Elgar (all *née* Beresford-Whyte), Sir E. Hambro and his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett (whose brother has inherited all the Burdett-Coutts fortune, you know, and taken the Baroness's name), the Earl and Countess of Darnley, Baronne de Rothschild, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Drexel jun., Sir Bannister and Lady Fletcher, and General Sir Thomas and Lady Bridges. The Bridges pair will probably have arrived home by the time you read this. It is really amazing the way popular "Tom" Bridges manages to golf, with only one perfectly good leg!

Some energetic people go over to golf at St. Jean de Luz, where there are ideal greens; but it is a very heavy course in wet weather, and liable to have some holes closed. Mr. H. S. Colt, the golf architect, has made

plans, and will shortly commence alterations on the Biarritz course. There will be new greens and a new lay-out which will be a great improvement, and he thinks very highly of the *terrain* and its possibilities.

Lord and Lady Ludlow have arrived at the Hotel du Palais. Lady Ludlow has some wonderful clothes. Imagine a Persian turban of gold and pink shot tissue with a big feathery osprey this way and one that way, or a large toque affair of wired bronze lace with a tawny osprey hanging down on to the

sort-of-drawing-room chairs and settees. (In the Casinos at Monte Carlo and at Aix-les-Bains you have a cold, uncovered floor and leather seats, which, though possibly business-like, are scarcely cosy!) There has been a good deal of high play; and Captain and Mrs. Coats have been amongst the players. One day after tea they were both so engrossed and eager to miss nothing that, while Captain Coats snatched a whisky-and-soda and a sandwich at a little table close by, Mrs. Coats brought her sandwich to the table itself and munched it whilst calling out "Banquo!"

Another Honeymoon Pair.

Another honeymoon couple who are now here are the Hon. Percy and Mrs. Thellusson (who was previously the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Yorke). They were lunching to-day in the Palais Restaurant, with the Coats honeymooners. Mr. Thellusson was in excellent spirits. Both the brides wore sports clothes, Mrs. Coats having a swinging cavalier cape of smoke-grey cloth with stole fronts of grey fur over a grey frock, and topped by a dear little red hat; while Mrs. Thellusson was in stone colour, with hat to match.

Dancing Only a Side-Issue.

Baron Cederström (who, you may remember, inherited Adelina Patti's fortune) was host to the Hambros one night, and his guests also included Colonel Finlay, without whom the Golf Club would not be what it is. Major Hankey gave a dinner a few nights ago at the Palais to Major Barclay and Captain Angus Hambro, M.P., and others. Lady Hambro was in jade-green, and Major Barclay's daughter in petunia. In addition, there were five other petunia-coloured frocks in the restaurant, including mine! I think one may take it that there are only two colours *du jour*, and they are petunia and jade-green.

If I have said nothing about dancing, it is because, strangely enough, here it is of minor importance to golf and gambling. Truly, on Monday nights, after a gala dinner, say, at the Hotel du Palais, there is dancing, and also on Thursday afternoons; but there is a want of zest about it, somehow. The other night Sir Basil Montgomery joined in for quite a while; so did the Goelets (Mrs. Goelet in a white frock embroidered in crystals). Captain Coats had a couple of fox-trots with his wife (who wore mulberry-red), and some people from other hotels came in. Lord and Lady Ludlow sat and watched.



PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE VILLA VALETTA: SIR ALBERT STERN AND HIS FIANCÉE, MISS HELEN ORR-LEWIS.

This snapshot of Sir Albert Stern, K.B.E., C.M.G., and his fiancée, Miss Helen Orr-Lewis, elder daughter of the late Sir Frederick Orr-Lewis, was taken at the historic Villa Valetta, where Mr. Lloyd George stayed for the Cannes Conference.—[Photograph by C.N.]

shoulder—almost like a "switch" of hair! And these head-dresses are worn with most elaborate and ornate gowns, which leave but a confused maze in my memory. It does not

seem so long ago since Lady Ludlow, as the widow of Sir Julius Wernher, was always garbed in violet—from head to foot, mark you—and even her motor-car was painted the same colour. For her wedding to Lord Ludlow some two years ago she also wore violet; but since then she has discarded it—even unto the car, which has been repainted.

Playing Chemin-de-Fer.

Gambling at Biarritz means merely *chemin-de-fer*, and for that purpose we wend our way to the little Casino Municipal. Here one room is devoted to it, and there are five tables, mostly all hard at it. The *salle* is a little like those in the Monte Carlo Sporting Club—not nearly so beautiful nor so grand, but possessing a carpeted floor and



ON THE TERRACE AT MONTE: THE HON. HARRY STONOR, M.V.O.

The Hon. Harry Stonor is the uncle of Lord Camoys, and held Court appointments under the late Queen Victoria and the late King Edward VII. He has acted as Deputy Master of H.M.'s Household since 1921.—[Photograph by C.N.]



LAWN-TENNIS ENTHUSIASTS AT CANNES: SIR ARTHUR AND LADY CROSFIELD.

Sir Arthur and Lady Crosfield have recently been on the Riviera. They are lawn-tennis enthusiasts and play a great deal on the courts at their London house, West Hill, Highgate. Lady Crosfield was formerly Miss Domini Elliadi.—[Photograph by C.N.]

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Motor Dicta. By Gerald Biss.

Last Monday— A Week Ahead.

I am beginning to hate printers with a deadly hatred, useful as they are to a poor wretch who has to write for his living. They are always springing stunts upon you when you get back from a pleasant week-end; and they are always determined at all costs to put one in the wrong, especially upon an illustrated weekly paper like *The*

because everything is over by now. I shall probably be wrong, as usual; but it is all very interesting, and I hope with any luck I shall have been there.

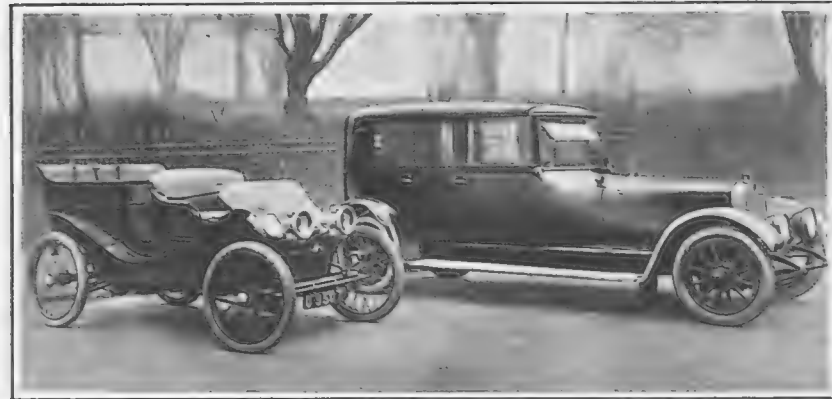
The Hun Reappears.

There are other big events, too, including a monstrous entry, which started on Good Friday from London to Land's End with an entry of 322, under the auspices of the Motor-Cycling Club. Here again there must have been lots of fun; but, unfortunately, by now it is all over! So is the Targa Florio, which was won by one of the old "Merces" in the open class; and, much as I loathe the Huns and always shall do, I cannot help having a sneaking affection for the old "Merc" itself. Many a good run have I had upon a Mer-

Mud and Blood.

Of such are the Kingdom of Hunland; but it must be admitted that they do tick the world off with unfailing regularity, although, after three or four years, the silly little old one-eyed dam-fool island of ours comes into its own with a big bang and beats all Teutonic solidarity with its own wonderful engines, unparalleled at weight for age.

Hats off to the Hun, for his solidarity; and I am the last person who wishes to be mean, especially when we have beaten a deadly foe in good, hard combat in war, if not in peace. On the other hand, no English cars being entered, it is a real pleasure to be able to congratulate the Fiat upon being first and second in the popular one-and-a-half litre class in the Targa Florio, doing in comparison marvellous time. Actually the eight-cylinder Ballot, a two-litre car, was second in the open race; but, of course, they and the Mercedes had twenty-five per cent. in hand compared with the 1500 c.c. class, and the winning Mercedes was something like four or five times the size of the Fiat, and well over twice that of the Ballot, which, without prejudice, slightly discounts its performance. The rumour got about, and was even published in the infallible *Times* (now three-halfpence and given away with an insurance policy) that Felice Nazzaro, the famous racing driver, had been killed in the race; but, as I wrote at the time, it was quite absurd, as Felice parted company with the Fiat firm over ten years ago, and was certainly not driving a Fiat car. It was his nephew, Biagio Nazzaro, who was driving, but was not killed, only injured and, withal, according to my cables from Italy, not seriously. Sub-editors are blood-thirsty folk and love to make the worst of everything—



TWENTY YEARS OF AUTOMOBILE HISTORY: A 12-H.P. LANCHESTER BUILT ABOUT 1901 AND A BRAND-NEW LANCHESTER "FORTY."

The veteran Lanchester car, built about 1901, is still in use, and is seen cheek by jowl with a brand-new Lanchester "Forty," one of the latest productions of the famous firm. Although the difference in the age of the two cars is so great, it is interesting to know that many of the features of the present "Forty"—such as epicyclic change-speed gears, worm-driven rear axle, and the famous cantilever suspension—are to be found embodied in the early "Twelve." The fact that the twenty-year-old car is still in use is a testimonial to the quality of material and high standard of workmanship of the firm.

Sketch. There are, I believe, certain similar papers in existence, but I have forgotten their names; yet, at the same time, I know they are equally worrying to their poor contributors. You cannot find seven other devils worse than one printer's devil at Easter, Christmas, Whitsun or August. There has been heaps of sport this Easter—motor-racing, horse-racing, week-ending and all the other joys of the season; but they are all over now, and I have not, up to the time of writing, seen one of them. Brooklands (has) had a topping programme—big entries, fat cars, and everything delightful—with an occasional divorce case to give the cement a little bit of ginger. But I am simply left to sit at home and wonder what is going to happen without any real knowledge of what really is going to happen. The fact remains that for both the short and the long distance events there are some wonderfully interesting entries—none more interesting than the Sunbeams (twelve and six cylinders, always cars to watch), and the eight-cylinder Ballot entered by Count Zborowski. It was rumoured that Malcolm Campbell was also going to enter an eight-cylinder Ballot, but at the moment he appears content with his Talbot, for which I certainly do not blame him. Our new-found friend, the Hun, reappears upon the track with a big Benz; and Captain Miller, who has been so unduly advertising Mr. Justice Hill of late, against both their wills, has his eight-cylinder "Viper" on the mat. There is also one of the eight-cylinder Leylands, which I shall be very interested to see racing, although I have always regarded it far more as a roadster than a racer. The Leyland and the Rolls-Royce have never been cars which I looked upon as ideal machines for track work; but, of course, owners always know better than designers or critics. It is no good saying any more,

cédès; never has one let me down; and, even if a little bit Hunnish in itself with its solidity, it is very hard to name a car to beat it for sheer reliability and quality. Just before the great "Hubble-Bubble" in 1914, everyone interested in motoring will remember that the "Merces" scooped the pool in the most extraordinary

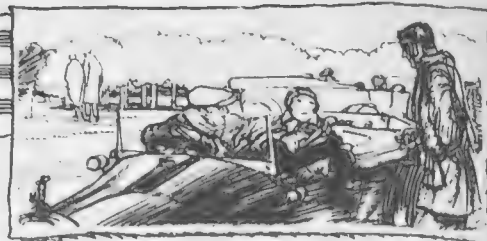


THE MEMBER FOR THE SOUTH DIVISION OF ISLINGTON AND HIS NEW CAR: SIR CHARLES HIGHAM.

Sir Charles Higham has sat for the South Division of Islington since 1918. Our photograph shows him with his new 1922 Rolls-Royce. The chassis is the latest turned out from the famous works, and the body is an example of the fine coach-building of Messrs. Hooper and Co.

way in the French Grand Prix "according to programme," deliberately in the face of the whole of unsuspecting Europe trying out their flying engines to bomb Paris and London.

especially motor racing. Luckily, they don't get many chances these days, for—touch wood—dangerous accidents on track or road are few and far between, chances considered.





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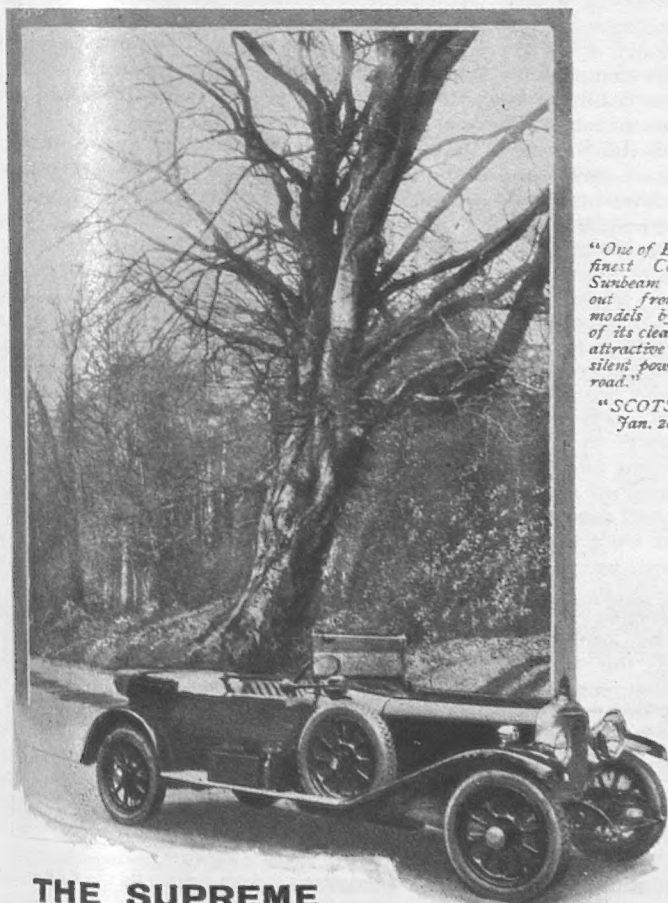


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"SCOTSMAN"
Jan. 28th. 1922.

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GENERAL MOTORS LIMITED





A little knitted frock of pink sylko with knickers to match. Sketched at Rowe's.

Hats of the Moment.

Paris has revealed her secrets regarding the summer hats, and many women will rejoice to hear that the large hat, or capeline, is very much in evidence. As summer approaches, big lace and organdie hats will be worn, but just now taffetas hats underlined with straw, and trimmed with an almost exaggerated bow of reversible ribbon, are great favourites. Large straw tissue hats are nearly all underlined with a soft colour—shell-pink or pale orange for preference—and ornamented with one big china flower or a spray of blossoms made of dyed shells.

Diadems of Shaded Flowers.

Black lace and tulle hats are worn with brightly coloured tea-frocks. These have large brims in front, but are cut off sharply at the back and finished with a long



Olive Hewerdine

This beige coat is trimmed with brown and white checked material and gathered at the waist. Sketched at Rowe's.

WOMAN'S WAYS By MABEL HOWARD

veil which hangs straight down. Horse-hair braid hats, woven to represent fine lace, are really beautiful. These are trimmed with diadems of shaded flowers, or flat velvet rosettes pressed tightly together all over the crown. Big hats do not suit all faces, so it is good news to know that smaller ones, turned up at the side or back with upstanding trimmings, are very fashionable. Large bows of woven straw lined with tinsel ribbon are worn on these hats; also made birds in the brightest of plumage and stiff galalithe ornaments. The close-fitting pull-on hat, resembling a bonnet, is making its appearance for motoring, and the flowing veil—so long neglected—is also used. These veils are coloured, and form the trimming of the hat; the ends and the narrow edge which hangs just over the brim are embroidered with appliqué cretonne flowers.

The Vogue of the Short Coat.

Spring invariably brings something new in the shape of coats and skirts; this year the short, loose coat is very popular. This is worn with a skirt which appears extremely narrow, but there is really ample width to allow for walking, as the sides are often accordion-pleated, or finished with flat pleats which are invisibly held together as far down as the knees. Coloured linings of great beauty are used with these short coats, and often correspond in colour to the embroidery which adorns them. A navy-blue duvetyn coat, reaching just below the waist, is worked in a flowered design in red and yellow wool, and lined with printed crêpe marocain of the same colour and pattern as the embroidery. The skirt is plain, and appears to be wrapped right round the figure; it is fastened on the hip with one large embroidered button. Another costume, of pale grey gabardine, has a short coat hanging from a circular collar-band. This band is embroidered with silver thread and pale-green leaves, while the wide yoke on which the skirt is mounted is decorated to match. Jade and silver georgette is used for lining the coat, and it is accompanied by a jumper of silver lace on which green leaves are applied.

The Waistcoat of Many Colours.

Waistcoats have never been so varied in colour or shape as at the present moment. Some consist of a back and front held together by an elastic, while others are finished with long sleeves to form a blouse. Soie cloké, broderie Roumaine, and embroidered ratine are a few of the favoured materials. White cotton crêpe, embroidered all over with fine stitching of a bright colour on which large flowers are worked, makes the most delightful waistcoats. These are sometimes cut very long in front and fall over the skirt in two square pieces; others are finished with points bound with braid, and fastened at the waist with a large crystal button. A hat and waistcoat of the same material is always very smart. A small pull-on hat of lemon-coloured ratine, on which bunches of violets are worked, requires no trimming, and a waistcoat of



A sand-coloured gabardine dress stitched and embroidered with red and blue silk. Sketched at Rowe's.

this material would not be out of place with any costume. Broderie Roumaine is also suitable for hats, as the biscuit-coloured linen on which the bright reds and blues are embroidered does not show the dust. Waistcoats of this material are charming; but if fainter colours are preferred, striped organdie or embossed cotton crêpe should be used.

Odds and Ends.

There are many fascinating odds and ends in the shops just now, and amongst them a very novel head-band that will prove a boon to the tennis-player. This band, of finely woven silk elastic, is made in plain colours or striped. It is worn right round the head, keeping the hair in perfect order, and fastens at the back with a patent button. The price is only 1s. 11d. Tiny suede powder-puffs, fitted with dainty little straps that are intended to buckle round the handle of a sunshade, are another novelty. Shetland lace scarves, hand-embroidered with padded silk flowers and finished with long silk fringe, will be delightful to wear on a chilly evening. Knitted and crocheted garments of all kinds are very fashionable, and one of the newest ideas in hats consists of a small cloche made of gold crocheted rings tacked together with gold thread and underlined with shot red-and-gold taffetas.

Fashions for the Children.

It is always more difficult to dress the little girl of twelve years old than to find suitable clothes for her younger sisters. Rowe, 105, New Bond Street, the children's dress-designer and tailor, has given special attention to girls of this age, both in making school outfits and clothes for the holidays. The fawn gabardine frock pictured on the right of this page is charming in its simplicity. The neck is stitched with red silk, while the hem is decorated with tiny baskets of embroidered flowers in red and blue silk. The knitted sylko dress to the left is intended for small maidens of four and upwards; it is accompanied by a pair of knickers to match. Beige gabardine is used for the coat sketched here. This is made Magyar fashion, gathered at the waist to give plenty of freedom to the skirt, and trimmed with brown-and-white checked material. It must not be forgotten that Rowe is noted for boys' double-shrunk flannels; and, as boys practically live in flannels for nearly six months in the year, this is worth remembering. Flannel coats and trousers can always be matched.

(Continued overleaf.)



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Dental science has found ways to fight the film on teeth. Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays there.

It dims the teeth, clouds their beauty and is now regarded as a potential source of most tooth troubles. No tooth paste, until lately, could effectively combat it.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth and the acid may cause decay.

Now we combat it

Now we have ways to combat it. Able authorities have proved them by many careful tests. Modern dentists urge their daily use.

Both are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a scientific tooth paste. And other factors are used with them to bring five desired effects.

Watch the change in a week

Make this free test and watch how your teeth improve. In a week you will gain a new idea in teeth cleaning.

Pepsodent acts in five ways, including film removal. It multiplies the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids as they form.

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A scientific film combatant, the application of which brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

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Watch all the effects, then read the reasons for them in the book we send. It will bring to your home a new era in teeth cleaning. Cut out the coupon now.

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Sketch
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You may be deciding to indulge in a real pearl necklace costing about £400. Why contemplate such a risky investment in these days of bad business when the famous

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And even if you did not contemplate spending more than £1.1.0, you profit just the same, for, in return for the guinea spent on *Ciro Pearls*, you secure a necklet which represents a few hundred pounds' worth in appearance.

After a most complete investigation into the reason for the world-wide popularity of *Ciro Pearls* "TRUTH," in their issue of March 1st, state:—"Ciro Pearls are frankly reproductions, but they are perfect reproductions. In weight, hardness, and lustre there is no detectable difference to the ordinary eye between the *Ciro Pearl* and the natural pearl. . . . The expert has, indeed, been again and again misled into thinking that *Ciro Pearls* are the product of the oyster and not of the laboratory."

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On receipt of one guinea we will send you a necklet of *Ciro Pearls*, 16 inches long, with clasp and case complete, or a ring, brooch, ear-rings or any other *Ciro Pearl* jewel in hand-made gold settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money. *Ciro Pearl* necklets may also be obtained in any length required. We have a large staff of expert pearl stringers.

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WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

Inexpensive Summer Frocks.

Harrod's inexpensive frock department is a real treasure trove for the woman who is seeking novelties at a moderate cost. Nothing is over 6½ guineas, and there are tea-frocks and coat-frocks, morning dresses and muslin gowns in profusion. The washing crêpe-de-Chine frock sketched on this page can be obtained in almost any coloured stripe on a white ground, and the price is 76s. 9d. There are many other washing silks from 2½ guineas. The becoming dress of pink-and-white zephyr is finished with an organdie collar and cuffs finely tucked, and the cost is only 45s. 6d. Delightful little morning frocks in coloured cotton dress can be obtained for 12s. 6d., while it is difficult to believe that sponge cloth dresses embroidered in contrasting colours are 32s. Cream gabardine coat-frocks are useful for so many occasions; these are trimmed with silk braid, and some have fascinating round silver buttons and metal belts. One white gabardine frock is finished on the sleeves and collar with a strip of scarlet material interlaced with blue braid—but a visit to Knightsbridge is necessary to fully appreciate the wonders of the inexpensive department.

the small hat at the top of this page in soft golden pedal straw, which cannot fail to suit almost every woman. The outstanding wings

Other umbrellas have crystal tops, while some have embossed and painted ivory handles with twisted gilt bands.

How to Preserve the Skin.

We all know that exercise and open-air sports are excellent for the health; but, alas! how often they play havoc with the complexion. Yet there is no reason why the golf and tennis enthusiast should not have a fine, clear skin, if only she would devote a few minutes each day to its treatment. The face requires washing once a day; if this is done at night, soft warm water should be used. Immediately afterwards, Pomeroy Skin Food should be well rubbed in to feed and cleanse the pores; then wipe the face lightly with an old handkerchief. Always remember to massage with an upward movement. The delicate skin under the eyes should be very gently massaged in short, circular movements from nose to temple. The neck requires its full share of attention, and Pomeroy Skin Food must be applied if the rough, red appearance behind the ears is to be avoided. One pot of Skin Food costs 2s. 3d. In the morning the face should be wiped with a rough towel, and Pomeroy Day Cream used as a foundation



What is more becoming than a hat of golden pedal straw ornamented with wings? This one was sketched at Henry Heath's.

and feather mount are golden-brown, and the price is 75s. 9d. White pedal straw, trimmed with flat ruches of jade-green ribbon, makes the other hat. The brim is slightly turned down at the edge, and the cost is 3½ guineas. Pull-on hats of tissue straw, silvery-beige in colour, are delightful for the country; these are trimmed with a narrow tinsel ribbon. We all know Henry Heath's famous felt hats that roll up without harm, but there may be some women who do not remember that he also has umbrellas with the most fascinating handles. What could be prettier than a black onyx handle with rings of crystal let in between? Or one of carved ivory with a band of twisted silver threads?



This summer hat of white pedal straw is trimmed with ruches of jade green ribbon. Sketched at Henry Heath's.



Pink and white cotton voile, finished with tucked muslin collar and cuffs, makes this charming frock. Sketched at Harrods.

for powder. Pomeroy Face Powder is made in five shades, and, like the Day Cream, costs 2s. 6d. a box. Pomeroy preparations can be obtained at all chemists and stores, or from 29, Old Bond Street.

[Continued overleaf.]



Harrods have used striped washing silk for this delightful summer frock. It can be obtained in all colours.

Golden Straw and Jade Ruches.

When choosing a hat it must be remembered that the colour is quite as important as the shape. Now, Henry Heath, Oxford Street, has carried out